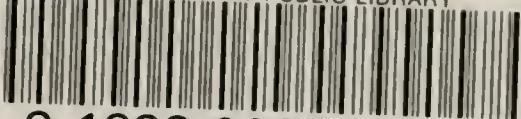


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HISTORY

OF THE

6TH WISCONSIN BATTERY

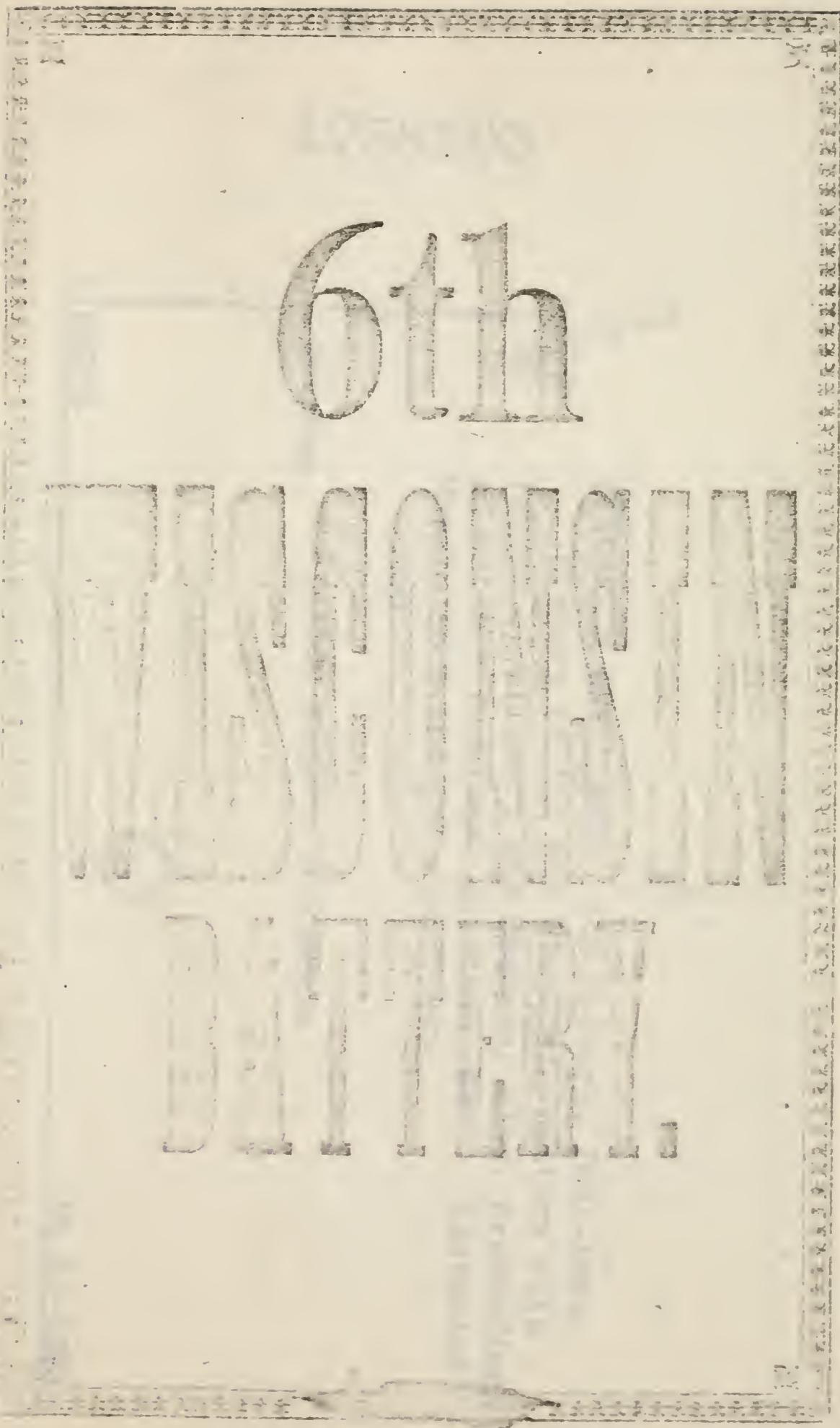
WITH ROSTER OF

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS,

—ALSO—

PROCEEDINGS OF BATTERY REUNIONS, SPEECHES, &C.

LANCASTER, WIS.
HERALD BOOK AND JOB ROOMS.
1879.



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WISCONSIN ARTILLERY. 6th battery, 1861-1864.
History of the 6th Wisconsin battery with
roster of officers and members; also, proceedings
of battery reunions, speeches, &c. Lancaster,
Herald book and job rooms, 1879.
65p.

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Preface signed: H.S.Keene.

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PREFACE.

At the second annual reunion of the 6th Wisconsin Battery, held at Avoca, it was resolved to publish a historical sketch of the Battery, embracing a complete roll of members, with the address of the living and burial place of the dead, so far as known; also the proceedings of the two reunions. A committee, consisting of Jenk. Ll. Jones, O. J. Burnham and myself, was appointed, to prepare and publish the same. To me was assigned the duty of preparing the MSS., which was done, and the same placed in the hands of the other members for publication. They failed to obtain estimates within the limits prescribed by the means at our disposal, so the publication was deferred. The past Spring, I was requested by the other members to publish, having secured satisfactory terms, but the manuscript was not all returned to me until the present month. The Secretary has failed to furnish full proceedings of the reunions. In preparing the historical sketch, the effort has been to economize space—to epitomize rather than amplify. The MS. doubtless contains many inaccuracies, which it is hoped comrades will report promptly, in order that like errors may be obviated in the future. H. S. KEENE.

Lancaster, Wis., June 23d, 1879.

6TH WISCONSIN BATTERY.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

The 6th Wisconsin Battery was principally recruited in the counties of Richland and Sauk, by Henry Dillon, of Lone Rock, afterwards elected Captain, and Samuel F. Clark, of Prairie du Sac, afterwards senior 1st Lieutenant; though it drew volunteers from the adjoining counties of Grant, Iowa, Dane and Columbia. It was the first to receive its full quota of men, and instead of being numbered as the 6th, it should have been the 1st; but those in charge having by some inadvertence failed to follow the prescribed line of "red tape," it failed to get its appropriate number.

The organization was perfected at Lone Rock by the election of officers, on the 25th of September, 1861. Henry Dillon was elected Captain, S. F. Clark and Thos. R. Hood 1st Lieutenants, and John W. Fancher and Daniel T. Noyes 2d Lieutenants. Capt. Dillon was a veteran of the Mexican war, having been a member of the celebrated Bragg's Battery officered at the time by George H. Thomas, T. W. Sherman and John F. Reynolds, all of whom were afterwards Major-Generals in the Union army. Lieuts. Clark and Fancher had seen service, having been members of the 1st Wisconsin Infantry — 3 months' volunteers.

The Battery was ordered to rendezvous at Camp Utley, Racine; and left Lone Rock on the 30th of September. At Racine it was mustered into the U. S. service on the first of October, by Capt. Trowbridge, U. S. A. Here it was expected the Battery would soon be equipped and sent to the front; but this hope proved to be a futile one, as weeks passed and the troops were not even

uniformed. The thought of having to spend the winter in common army tents, exposed to the rigors of a Wisconsin winter, was not a pleasant one. The troops were poorly supplied with blankets, and the approach of winter brought much suffering; but kind friends at home were not unmindful of the comforts of the Battery boys, and from thence they were soon amply supplied with clothing. Despite the forbidding aspect of camp life in winter, there were too many attractions in the city for time to pass heavily, so the winter passed pleasantly and rapidly, and the approach of spring brought marching orders.

Left Racine on the 15th of March, 1862, for St. Louis, at which place stopped but two days, and proceeded under orders to New Madrid. Arrived at the latter place March 21st, and was temporarily assigned to Gen. John M. Palmer's Division of Pope's Corps. The siege of Island No. 10 was then in progress; and the Battery being still unequipped for the field, was placed in charge of heavy guns at points along the river, to prevent reinforcements or supplies from reaching the besieged army; and where they were engaged in several brisk skirmishes with the rebel gun boats.

After the surrender of Island No. 10, Capt. Dillon equipped the Battery from a park of guns that had been left by the rebels in their flight from New Madrid; and being furnished with horses, the organization was at last equipped for the field, though it remained in New Madrid, on garrison duty, until May 17th, when it embarked on transports, under orders, and proceeded up the Tennessee River to Hamburg Landing, at which place it arrived on the 23d, and on the 26th moved to the main line investing Corinth, where, being assigned to Gen. Jeff. C. Davis's Division, took up a position with Pope's besieging forces. After the evacuation of Corinth, joined in the pursuit of the retreating forces as far as Boonville, then returned to Rienzi where it remained on garrison duty during the summer. Broke camp at Rienzi October 1st, 1862, under orders to report to Gen. Hamilton at Corinth. Took part in the battle of Corinth October 3d and 4th,

going into battle with 93 effective men, and sustaining a loss of 5 killed, including one Lieutenant, and 21 wounded. After the battle, had the ranks repleted by a detail of 25 men from the infantry, and joined in the pursuit of the retreating enemy, returning to Corinth on the 11th. Left Corinth November 2d, marching *via* Grand Junction, Davis' Mills and LaGrange to Moscow, Tenn. Participating in the general southward movement of Grant's army, passed through Holly Springs and encamped at Lumpkins' Mills; from thence followed in pursuit of the enemy, who, having been flanked by a column under Sherman, were evacuating their works on the Tallahatchie and retreating southward. Went as far as the Yocona river, south of Oxford, Miss., when the sacking of Holly Springs, cutting off the base of supplies, caused a retrograde movement. Returned to Lumpkins' Mills, from whence one section under Lieut. Clark was sent to Memphis, as escort to a supply train. The remainder of the Battery returned to Holly Springs, and thence moved to LaFayette, Tenn., where it was rejoined by the section under Lieut. Clark. On the 2d of January, 1863, went into winter quarters at Buntyn's Station, 5 miles east of Memphis. Embarked at Memphis March 1st, and proceeded down the river to Grand Lake, Ark. but returned and encamped on a sand-bar opposite the head of the "Yazoo Pass," four miles below Helena, Ark., from whence moved as a part of the Yazoo Pass expedition, moving down the pass on transports as far as Greenwood, being nine days in the descent. Disembarked April 3d, and the next day one section under Lieut. Clark moved out and opened on the rebel fortifications. Being ordered to return, reembarked that night, and early next day set out on the return, reaching the former rendezvous on the 9th of April. Reembarking on the 13th, proceeded down the river to Milliken's Bend, La. Left the latter place on the 25th, and marched across the peninsula, arriving at the river below Grand Gulf on the 30th. Crossed the river May 1st, taking up the line of march for Port Gibson, the advance being then engaged at Thompson's Hill.

The Battery was placed in a position to prevent a flank movement, but did not become actively engaged. On the 2d pursued the retreating enemy through Port Gibson as far as Bayou Pierre, where further progress was checked by a burning bridge. The pursuit was resumed the next morning, the enemy making a stand near Willow Springs, where the Battery silenced a rebel battery.

The enemy were driven across Black river, burning the bridge after them. On the 9th, resumed the march toward Jackson, participating in the battle of Raymond on the 12th and Jackson on the 14th, sustaining a loss of two wounded at the latter place.

Left Jackson next morning for Vicksburg, retracing our steps as far as Clinton, and on the 16th were again engaged on the hotly contested field of Champion Hills, sustaining a loss of two wounded. Followed the retreating forces to Black river, they destroying the bridge after them. Crossed the next day, and on the 19th reached the enemy's fortifications surrounding Vicksburg. Took up a position at once and opened fire, being actively engaged every day during the siege, sustaining a loss of one killed and seven wounded.

After the surrender, remained in camp at Vicksburg until the 12th of September, when embarked on transports and proceeded up the river under orders to reinforce Gen. Steel at Little Rock, disembarking at Helena on the 15th. Little Rock being evacuated, remained in camp at Helena until the 26th, then embarked and proceeded up the river to Memphis. Left Memphis October 6th, under orders to report to Gen. Sherman at Glendale, Miss., from which place moved with the 15th Army Corps *via* Iuka, Miss., Florence, Ala., and Winchester, Tenn., to Chattanooga, arriving at the latter place on the 20th of November. Crossed the river above Chattanooga with Sherman's forces on the 24th, moving with the advance, and the same day one section was planted on the summit of Mission Ridge—the guns being drawn up by ropes—maintaining this position and being actively engaged throughout the battle of Mission Ridge. Joined in the

pursuit on the 26th, following as far as Graysville, Ga., then returned to Chattanooga, where the guns were turned over to the ordnance officer, having been condemned as worn out in service, prior to leaving Vicksburg.

Left Chattanooga December 2d, and returned to Bridgeport where remained in camp until the 22d; then moved to Larkinsville, Ala., remaining there from the 26th of December to the 7th of January, 1864; then marched for Huntsville, where on the 9th went into winter quarters, being here equipped with a new battery of 12-pound Napoleon guns. Remained in Huntsville, on garrison duty, until June, one section being in the meantime sent to Whitesboro, on the Tennessee river, where they occasionally exchanged a few shells with the rebel forces on the other side. Left Huntsville on the 22d of June for the front, where active operations were in progress for the reduction of Atlanta; moving by rapid marches to Stevenson. Left Stevenson by railroad on the 30th of June, reaching Kingston, Ga., on the 2d of July, and went into camp. Left Kingston July 11th, and next day took up a position in the fortifications on the Etowah river, near Cartersville, where it remained during the summer.

Those of the original organization who had not reenlisted under the call for veteran reenlistments, left Cartersville on the 26th of September, under orders to proceed to Madison, Wis., to be mustered out for expiration of service. Reached Chattanooga and found the railroad track was torn up and in possession of a rebel force, so remained in the cars at Chattanooga a week; leaving on the night of October 3d, and reached Madison on the 10th. Here on the 10th day of October, 1864, the old organization was mustered out of service.

After the departure of the "boys of '61" the company was reorganized as a four gun battery by Lieut Simpson, the rolls indicating 2 commissioned officers and 96 members, 40 of whom were reenlisted veterans. But the force in camp numbered but 34 men. For the next month the Battery continued to garrison Ft. Etowah subject to all the activities, dangers and uncertainties incident to an

outpost in front of manœvering armies. Their railroad connections were continually being broken, their commissary supplies being very limited, both horses and men subsisted largely on the country, which was infested with guerillas and rebel cavalry.

The terrible battle of Altoona Pass fought on the 5th of October was within sight and hearing of Ft. Etawah, the Battery was held in readiness but was not called into action. Immediately after the battle Lieut Simpson was despatched to Nashville for fresh horses and such other supplies as would put the Battery in moving condition. Failing in this mission, on the 1st of November, their remaining 23 horses fit for service were turned over to the 12th Battery, and on the 10th of November the Battery proceeded by rail to Nashville, arriving in time to take an active part in the defense of that town against Hood, who invested the city soon after their arrival. Without horses and guns of their own, the men were ordered from point to point manning guns that were stationed by mule teams. Superintending the construction of artillery defenses, bearing muskets, handling ammunition, &c., &c. This campaign exposed the men to much suffering and many privations. Not until after the decisive battle of December 17th and 18th did they go into permanent quarters near Ft. Gillem. Capt. Hood assumed command of the company, Nov. 29. On the 17th of Feb., 1865, the company was ordered to Chattanooga and went into permanent quarters with the artillery reserve corps of that department. The company was filled up with a transfer of about 50 men, mostly from the 3d and 8th Wisconsin Batteries and were fully equipped as a mounted battery, and were kept busy with camp and drill duties until the 26th day of June, when they were ordered to the State to be mustered out—whence they immediately proceeded under Capt. Simpson, who assumed command on the resignation of Capt. Hood, May 21st. The company arrived in Madison, at 6, p. m., July 3rd, whereupon the entire command "broke ranks" without orders. Very many of the boys were able to reach their homes in time

to celebrate "Independence Day." On the 18th day of July the company re-assembled at Madison, and were formally mustered out of the service.

REUNIONS.

1ST REUNION, AT SPRING GREEN, 1876.

There have been held four annual reunions of the Battery, in addition to the one held in September succeeding the disbandment. The first annual reunion was held at Spring-Green on the 3d of October, 1876. There was a fair attendance of citizens, and forty-six of the Battery boys responded to the roll-call. A picnic dinner was provided under the auspices of Miss Dora Hayes and Miss Ida Hood, and a pleasant, sociable and agreeable day was passed. Capt. H. Dillon was in command, Sergt. A. J. Hood, Chaplain, and Jenk Ll. Jones the orator of the day, who delivered the following address:

Comrades of the 6th Wisconsin Battery: Upon returning to my post of duty some ten days ago I found amid the accumulated pile of letters upon my table a message from comrade Clayton, bidding me meet the "Old Boys" here to-day and asking me to put in words some fitting thought for the occasion. The first part of the message, like an invitation to a Christmas dinner, came with glad welcome. My blood went bounding through my veins as I anticipated the joy of once more touching elbows with even a few of those to whom the heart was knit with the associations of the camp, the march, the

hospital and the bloody field. My feelings did not stop to ask permission of my judgment to give, an emphatic—yes! “Of course I’ll come to renew in some measure the recollections of those swift years, of brotherly life filled with incidents now gay and jolly, now heroic and terrific. Some, alas! too coarse, many, oh so many tearfully sad.”

But the second part of the invitation found a different welcome. I, to be the spokesman on an occasion like this, where if words are to be spoken at all they must be golden words. I, to attempt to put in fitting words, the congratulations, the recollections and the significance of those four years into which were crowded the discipline and the experience of a life time! Four years, as I believe, that wrought for God and man the growth and progress of a generation. The more pressing but perhaps, minor claims were upon me, they would not be put off, but even this request I could not refuse. During these ten days crowded with other duties I have had no time to search our records, to compile our statistics or to select my words. But, boys, I am here to thank you for this compliment—the choicest compliment I have received since I was released from the honor of carrying the pouch of No. 6, on the third piece of the old 6th Battery. I am here, boys, to do for you what I tried to do when I drove the swing-team—hold a steady rein, do the best I can without too much personal exertion. If I don’t keep my place as well now as then it will be because I have not the impetuous “Tom” (Hungerford I mean) to jerk me up with his lead team if I go too slow, or the steady hand of “Wat” (Hayes is his surname), to hold me down with his well groomed wheel-team if I go too fast. If I don’t know enough to stop, just let Dick (Corporeal Dickson, I mean) sing out his characteristic “Ha-a-ult” and then if I don’t let him put in one of those explanatory words of Saxon origin, not in the tactics, that we used to be familiar with, then I’ll mind, leastwise I remember I always used to, *i. e.* after this last kind of command was given.

Yes, fellow soldiers, I rejoice to be with you to-day

though I've scarcely disturbed the sleeping notes in the pocket-worn diaries I carried in those days and from which and other available sources I would have been glad and very proud to write up something like an accurate and in some small way an adequate story of the toils, trials, and triumphs of the Buena Vista Battery. This has never yet been done. I would ere we part, that some steps might be taken to secure this end—that their children and ours may not fail to know of the 6th Battery, who—

“Right in the van
On the red rampart's slippery swell,
With hearts that beat a charge they fell,
Forward as fits a man.”

And how others denied the easy honor of being transported to the silent shores of glory in the fiery chariots of battle still endured loyally; and murmured not while the candle of life flickered, grew pale and died in the malarial atmosphere of disease; and in the record let there be some mention of those who were not released by death's promotion, but were left on duty; were called back to wait and work in other ways for the dawn of the nobler day. If such a record would serve in any way to cause the fires of patriotism to burn brighter in the breasts of our children we ought to leave it them.

But after all, comrades, to-day we need no wordy record of the past, for to each of us I dare say there has come in these last expectant days, now glimpses, now flashes and now long dreams of the old times.

Memory has been turning the leaves of the mind's photograph album and on pages '61, '62, '63, '64 and '65 we find pictures that were supposed to be lost, there still. How it all comes back to us now!

Those early autumn days upon which I doubt not the sun shone as serenely as now, the bright colors of October crept over these groves, up yon bluff sides and down the river bank as beautifully as to-day, but there was a great difference. Farmers did not talk so much of their crops and their cattle then as now. The boys were less boisterous and conversed in undertone, and somehow,

when women tried to smile there were tears often in their eyes. One by one the scythes were left in unfinished swathes on yonder hay-bottom. Every day some plowman neglected to start his plow. The hum of the threshing machine seemed somehow to have less inspiration than now, and the threshers stopped to oil up whenever the mail came or a late paper appeared. At last there came a day—nay the day when Spring Green, Lone Rock and Prairie du Sac must tear off the mask and things thus far spoken of in whisper must now be spoken of out loud. You who are men and women now were boys and girls then. You recall how hard we tried to make a gala day of it, but somehow it was a poor day for fun; there was too much in it for mirth. The roads in this valley were filled with moving wagons and carriages. Drums and fifes made what was then very strange music. The lines gathered at Wilson Creek. 'Twas fifteen years ago the month just gone. Lone Rock with her squad, and Captain Dillon formed at one end of the ground. Lieut. Clarke, with the boys from Prairie du Sac "fell in" at the other. Awkwardly approached each other and somehow, no matter how, a line was formed and then we tried to cheer but it was more husky than lusty. The girls waved their handkerchiefs but most of them seemed very limp, they had the appearance of being used a great deal. Then and there Richland and Sauk counties struck hands and the Buena Vista Battery of Flying Artillery had being. It's ranks filled rapidly. Not a few boys left their chores undone that night and went with the others to Lone Rock.

"It seems but yesterday,
Yet scarce so long ago,"

When the train stopped at the depot here that carried you to Camp Utley. Fifteen years ago to-day, I think, an U. S. officer accepted the offering from Spring Green and elsewhere and you were "mustered in." Of that Winter spent in a Wisconsin camp I cannot speak from experience. I only know that love and war, always the essential elements of chivalry were mingled in fine proportions.

Drill during the day and a good time with the pretty Welsh girls of Racine during the evening, and as fast as you could get a military jacket on your backs, you ran home to kiss the girls you left behind you. All winter you kept accumulating the dispensable necessities of a soldier, learning to snugly reach your knapsack with so many things you did not need, things which one by one you dropped along southern waysides as bread cast upon secesh waters, so to speak, which, after many days have not come back to you.

March 15th, 1862—Marching orders at last—6th Battery ordered to the front by rail *via* St. Louis and Sykes-town. Then the first march of 22 miles. It reports to Gen. Pope at New Madrid. Rebellion and rebels become something more than the background of a romance. The Battery bunks in quarters scarcely cold from the enemy that vacated them. From thence to Island No. 10, where garrison duty and heavy artillery prepares them for sterner work. Things were stirring around them. Shiloh was passing into history as a field where heroic blood flowed like water. On the 17th of May you embarked to the scene of active operations. You arrived at Hamburg Landing soon after the fight. Battery is immediately given position in the forces that besieged Corinth. After the evacuation it is thrown forward to occupy one of the outposts of the Union line at Rienzi. Here you spend the summer months, dividing your energies between false alarms, field drill, becoming accomplished in the fine art of foraging, and making the acquaintance of the secesh beauties.

Meantime, comrades, my imagination lags behind. My memory still hangs over scenes in Wisconsin. While your ranks were being silently but savagely decimated by the hands of disease, other boys, who the fall before, in view of their beardless faces had not dared whisper aloud their purposes; had not forgotten you. Lieut. Fancher was home recruiting. The severest battle of the war, the one which some of you fought and won in September, '61, remained for some of us to fight

in August, 1862. On the 1st of September we '62 boys joined you, some eighteen of us, I think. You gave us cordial welcome, and by this time have, I think, quite forgiven us that we did not go in with the first. Henceforth my memory and experience runs parallel with that of the 6th Battery to its close. Details have a fascination for me which I dare not at this place indulge in, the time is too short. Long, vigilant nights and anxious days in that September at Rienzi. No day was exempt from alarm at the picket post. "Boots and saddles" was a more familiar call from bugle than the stable call. The harnessing, saddling, mounting in hot haste—the moving out for battle—the long waiting in the sultry road, then returning to something harder to bear than battle, waiting and watching became monotonous. The battle of Iuka was fought and won with the echoes of guns in our ears. All day we stood harnessed in the road, at night the story of the carnage that fell like a whirlwind upon our comrades of the 12th Wis. Battery, came to us, and each one wondered and inwardly doubted if he were equal to such demands. The enemy close in on us, the outposts are gradually withdrawn, Rienzi is abandoned, the 1st of October. The 6th Battery among the last to leave, turns its face towards Corinth, some in vigorous health, ready for duty's call, others of us prostrate, carted like limp sacks of wool in mule wagons and on flat cars.

I will not undertake to touch with adequate words the thrilling story of that battle on the 3d and 4th of October, 1862. It gave to the 6th Battery its terrible baptism of blood. Corinth is one of Wisconsin's Thermopylæs, for there a few of her sons with heroism equal to Spartan received a flowing tide of unnumbered multitudes unflinchingly, die they might and did; yield they could and would not. Here the 6th Battery made good its claim for a permanent niche in the history of your State and Nation. Their part in this battle is a theme for poetry and not for prose. Let him who would fittingly honor it invoke the muses of poetry and song. Let him dip

his pen in ink that will not fade as he receives their inspiration. For deeds such as they often enacted do not die and are not reenacted. They come but once in a lifetime, once in a century—in a nations history. Like the six hundred that rode "into the valley of death"—

"There is not a man dismayed,
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."
Like the six hundred."

Fourteen years ago to-day the battle began. All day long the muttering noise of the impending conflict, the agitations, uncertainties and fatigues of a moving column in front of an enemy on the defensive had exhausted our boys. Marches and counter-marches filled the night, little rest and no sleep, scant food and scanty drink. The morning breaks, finds them on the advanced line. Soon the lurid fires of battle pale the parching southern sun. The enemy are preparing for one last, desperate struggle. The energy of the command and all the hopes of the day are being masked in the woods under the hill. Their ranks are formed four to six deep. At about 9 A. M. they appear at the outskirts an advance in V shaped lines with the angle thrown forward so that vacancies can be readily closed from abundant material. The pickets are driven in, and with rapid, confident steps they advance up the hill-slope, on the top of which stands exposed, unfortified and practically unsupported an untried Battery of Artillery—the 6th Wisconsin. Will they retire? Are they sure that they have an available line of retreat? Already they are too near for shot or even shell. There battle begins where that of artillery generally ends, but now it is one wild storm of noise and smoke. The hill is one black thunder-cloud, pouring one pelting shower of iron canister. The chests are emptied and the advancing line has been staggered, stunned and mowed down. It reaches the top, but with courage and strength both exhausted. When there was no more ammunition in the chest, the

enemy, now, not before them, but amidst them, by a fit of courageous inspiration the men and horses slipped from their midst and escaped the grasp of the hand that was too much weakened to seize its prize. It was the work of thirty minutes. In a short time they were in order for service again, but it was victory for the whole line. It was the beginning of the end. The chase continued for days, and that army flushed by victory at Corinth never more knew defeat, nor lagging of energy or cooling of zeal until the serpent treason was throttled to the death at Richmond, and the would-be-head of the new confederacy was begging for mercy in woman's clothes in the hands of the boys in blue.

Only ninety-three men in the morning, nearly one-third of these at noon were dead or disabled. What a privilege to have been one of such a band and to have had a hand in such a victory! In the report of the Adjutant General of Wisconsin for 1862 I find the following concerning our company:

"They took part in the battle of Corinth on the 3d and 4th of October, and lost and killed six, including Lieut. Daniel T. Noyes, and in wounded twenty-one. The 6th Battery went into the battle with ninety-three men all told. They were considered a forlorn hope, but by their severe fighting and dogged bravery, they actually turned the tide of battle in our favor and won the fight. Officers and men, loyal and rebel, all agree that no more desperate or better fighting was ever done than by that battery, at the battle of the 4th of October. Well may our State be proud of our troops."

Says General Rosencrans in his official report of the battle, speaking of the rebel charge on our entire front, "Parts of our lines were broken into fragments, they (the rebels) penetrated as far as General Halleck's headquarters, the entire division of General Davis gave way when the staunch old fighting division of Hamilton with the 6th Wisconsin Battery posted on the prolongation of the hill, turned the tide of battle on the right."

Now that we have got fairly started on these reminis-

cences it would be pleasant for me to go on stringing out the story, of the chase, that march into the interior of Mississippi, the bivouac at Davis' Mills, where the treasonable old mill was started up so suddenly to grind rebel corn into Yankee rations, the night march through the sombre beech forest, the weird and awful beauty of the devastating fires that illuminated the country around, of Moscow, Holly Springs, Waterford, Abbeville and Oxford. Towns so beautiful that one can scarcely be reconciled to the thought that they were stained by treason. Then the disappointment and the counter-march when Holly Springs was taken in our rear; the hard retreat, the race for bread, the dreary Christmas with its dinner of parched corn at Lumpkins' Mills, not enough of that, were our mouths less sore from this monotonous diet, but the richer supper of the fat heifer with the few bushels of sweet potatoes which the foraging squad brought us. I would like to dwell on the sixty miles march of the First Section under Lieut. Clark, four teams on the gun, with only the limbers of the caissons, escorting the train of empty wagons, then the refreshing though the demoralizing touch of the City of Memphis, the city of plenty, filled with life-giving hard-tack. Those of us who were along remember the bottomless pools of mud that awaited the returning train now laden, moving slowly to meet the swiftly moving lines of a hungered army. Then came four months camp life at Buntyn's Station, guarding railroad, where the long winter evenings were spent in discussing the grape vine telegrams and determining how the war might be brought to a close in six months, if, perchance, the administration only had our sense. Dividing the time for amusement between harmless poker, with a peck of corn for capital, hence the skillful could afford to be generous with their antes and in writing letters to the girls that we never married after all.

You recall, how on the 3d of March, 1863, we embarked on the Mississippi, those weeks of life on transports, where the passengers daily increased in numbers.

You remember that awful encampment of a fortnight on a bare sandy island below Helena, Arkansas.

On the 9th of April, 'neath flying colors and with beating drums, we entered upon the most unparalleled experiment in navigation, a sail across lots, a steamboat ride through the woods. It was an attempt to capture Vicksburg by getting in the rear of it, with a lot of steam-boats taken across the country, using, it is true, what waters we could find in the brooks and marshes along the way. The history of this fourteen-day ride through the woods has never yet been written and probably never will be, for it was of a kind which war correspondents and special artists did not care to join.

That splendid dash into Moon Lake, then the banging against trees, the pulling ourselves along by windlasses, making a thousand isles on our own hook, making fast at night in sight of the tree from which we cast loose in the morning, at last disembarking at the Union of the waters which formed the Yazoo, to find that we were caught at our own game, the flood tide of the Mississippi let in upon the country through a break in the levee, brought us there, but it also saved our foes. Fort Pemberton was guarded by a water-ditch three miles wide, so we made haste to get out, in the same way that we went in, lest the receding waters might show us our Ararat in the Mississippi woods. As we went we left behind us our marks on the top of the trees. If some listless brigadier of the Confederacy, looking up as he wanders along the banks of the Coldwater catches sight of a board that was once the bottom of a hard-tack box in which board is burned by a hot iron the mystic legend

"Jes—se—K—Bell
All Stove to Hell."

April 1st, 1863.

he may not know what it means but you and I know that that was put there by a 6th Battery boy and that the

Jesse K. Bell was the name of the boat that we rode in, that the other line is the soldier's way of saying that the craft was rather the worse for wear, the pilot-house riddled by bullet-holes, the glass all broken in the cabin, a dead limb had speared the kitchen and demoralized the pantry, and half the paddles out of the stern wheel were broken; and you and I know that this expresses the real condition of the Armada, the White Rose, and the dozen other stern-wheel boats that went down with flying banners, and returned without a peg upon which to hang a banner. On the 9th of April we landed again on that desolate island below Helena, known to us by a name which is neither suggestive of beauty or of fragrance, but one suggestive of a terrible reality.

Of the campaign down the river, the two-weeks halt at Miliken's Bend, where our boys faded of the awful blight of that sickly flat, and the levee that kept back the water of the Mississippi, was strengthened by the bodies of the Union soldiers, as the only land in which a grave might be sunk unflooded. I cannot speak words more than moments are wanting. Then came the march of more than sixty miles through Louisiana, where the sight of strange cypress knees, weird Spanish moss, festooning with funereal aspect the boughs above us, and the log-like roll of the lazy alligators in the Lagoons gave diversion to our mysterious march. Now the crossing of the Mississippi, below Vicksburg, at Bruinsburg on transports that have run twelve miles of rebel armament, now on the battle-field of Port Gibson ere the powder-smoke has cleared away. Then pushing hard on the enemy day and night, for nineteen successive days, fighting them regularly on each alternate day. Then occurred the brush at Jones' Creek, where the old howitzer of the Third Platoon in which your speaker held the exalted position of rider of the swing-team, was thrown forward on the skirmish line. The noise it made started our boys into a cheer, that broke the enemies line and captured many prisoners. Raymond's bloody field we reached by six miles of "double-quick," in time to help

put another star on the shoulder of John A. Logan. At Jackson, Mississippi, the 6th Battery, always with the tendency to use its cannon as men usually use their broad-swords, in close quarters, join the charging line, presenting a scene, I believe unparalleled in the history of war; viz.: a brass battery in full equipment, making a bayonet charge and coming out victorious. You remember how properly and proudly we entered the capital city of Mississippi, expecting a few days respite, in which we might enjoy our honors and forage the town, but we marched in only to march out again. Next morning with the early dawn we took up a counter-march, in order to be on hand in the terrible contest of Champion Hill, where in reality Vicksburg, "The Key of the Miss." was fought for in fair field fight and won by the loyal troops. You remember the position, how, in the hurried march, we became separated from our command, and General Pemberton's whole army was pouring its deadly fire upon the few divisions of McPherson that were on the ground. You remember the magnificent line of Logan, the most exciting battle line we ever saw, perhaps; that line, nearly a mile long, coming its grand left wheel upon the enemy's left. This but drove them more fiercely upon the fatigued remnants of Hovey's Division, in the thick woods to our front and left. Time and time again, had his exhausted lines met the rebel columns and fallen back. Things looked dark, when here comes the quaint old Col. Holmes at the head of his Second Brigade, peering as none other could over his German spectacles as he cried, "Give way to the left for my men," and down into the woods he led his line with a cheer, but it seemed hopeless; in a short time, they were compelled to fall back bleeding and torn. It was dark yet. The infantry gathered in helpless clusters around the colors on our left. The artillery were ordered to retreat, lest they be flanked, when, lo, there appeared just over the crest, McPherson, brave and beloved above all others! At about the same instant, Capt. Dillon, whose judgment was never so reliable as in times of great-

est danger, on his own responsibility, threw the Battery into action, and the guns of the 6th fired to and for the right. Its brazen arguments quickened the steps of McPherson's fresh troops, and by the sudden transition which often happened on our Western battle fields, victory came as sudden as it was overwhelming, the hardest fought and perhaps the most significant battle of the West was won.

Vicksburg was besieged, and in due time it capitulated. On the 19th, the first day of investment, the 6th Battery was thrown out on one of the boldest points nearly opposite Fort Hill. There we fortified ourselves, and remained until the surrender, in the foremost line. There for forty-seven days, we lay, now chatting with and again bombarding the brethren just over the line, now lazily sleeping the aimless hours away, on the clayey shelves we had scooped for ourselves out of the hill-sides, and again taking our lives and running the gauntlet where hissing minnie balls would spit about us, in order to save drawing water for our horses or for the sick, or for the sake of a pail full of blackberries.

But, never mind, that was a grand old 4th of July celebration we had on Independence Day, 1863.

Then some more hot weather, more sickness, when the hospital steward marshalled a longer line than the orderley Sergeant, more men drawing quinine and whiskey than there were to stand guard. Then up the river, from Memphis across lots over the Cumberland Mountains, up the steeps of Mission Ridge to the release of Thomas at Chattanooga. Then the muddy chase, and at last the rest during the remainder of the winter of '63 and '64.

Winter days diversified again by literature that has illustrated pages in fifty-two leaves to a volume, with false alarms concerning brother Rhoddy and, on the part of a few of you, thoughts of tenderness toward savage-eyed maidens of high degree, who wore butternut pins. The following summer found us bound for Atlanta, until we reached Etawah, where ripe peaches did more for

the Confederacy than their bayonets ever did in giving them three of the 6th Battery boys as prisoners. It was not for us to go with Sherman to the Sea, but our horses went, while we returned with Thomas to defend Nashville against Hood, during the bleak winter months, our equipments being a grotesque collection of old cannon, rusty muskets and stubborn mules. That over, we returned again to Chattanooga, there to wait the final summons, the "Well done" of the U. S. Government which came in July, '65.

To recapitulate with a few figures :

Original strength	157
Received of recruits of every kind	85
Re-enlisted	34
 Total	 276
Killed in battle	6
Died of disease	22
Discharged for sickness	36
 Total	 64

Leaving 112 who served their term of service.

Comrades, shall the bugle be blown? Orderly Sergeant, call the roll. Where are the boys? Oh, they are beyond the reach of our voice! Some of them cannot make their "Here" heard to-day! Some on Western prairie, some mid northern pines, some in town, in country many; some are discharged, others reported this morning to the sick call and are off duty; in their veins the old diseases are preying; and some, perhaps, as of old, like the hero of Will Carleton's Poem, are "Over the hill"—to the poor-house. Boys, we welcome the few
Yes, the few, for

"Ah me! not all! Some come not with the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any here!
I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
But the sad strings complain and will not please the ear;
I sweep them for aye but they wane,
Again and yet again
Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of the dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain.

Fitlier may others greet the living,
I, with uncovered head,
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who returned not."

Call the roll, Sergeant; Lieut. Noyes, Corporal L. B. Honn, Privates—Gilbert Thomas, George Brown, George Barney.

Translated were they in the fiery chariot, the Corinth Holocaust. They fell with their faces to the foe, with the light that illumines the brave resting upon their brows. The mangled bodies rest sweetly in the most honored grave of a soldier, unnumbered and unnamed battle trench.

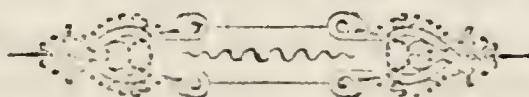
Gunner, Alvah Page, he who carried the manliest of hearts with the steadiest of hands, lived long enough to see the flag of truce over the ramparts of Vicksburg, and then fell, lamented and beloved.

Sylvester J. Gould, His is a guarded grave in the Cemetery of Wyoming across yon river. He fell in the eager promptness to excel in bravery, not less honored than they who fell before the leaden hail.

Dear Comrades, the dust of our boys mingles with that of many a hill-side. It enriches the soil they went forth to save.

Albert Hauxhurst's body was left at New Madrid. Hoskins, Hungerford, and Ben Johnson, on the Corinth slopes; Solomon Wheeler, at Rienzi. Coulter Campbell at Vicksburg. Ephraim Perry at Memphis. John Rogers at St. Louis. Menzo Tenant, in the National Cemetery at Keokuk. Martin Weaver at Cairo. Finoch Johnson, Pess Moss, and Michael Murphey at Huntsville. Robert E. Banks, at Chattanooga. Bradley Benson and Fred King, at Nashville. Gordon at Etawah, faithful Eilenstine, sank in the turbid waters of the Tallahatchie. In this solemn roll, we must write the names of Capt. Hood, the gentle Alba Sweet, who wore his stripes so modestly that we forget the Lieutenant in our respect for the man, and George Spencer, names that remind us that sudden dangers and unexpected deaths

await us at home as abroad, in peace as in war. These are the first names we call in our roll to-day. Not their death, but their lives, though, do we most celebrate. As we call the roll, we look for our wounded ones. Here is Christian Berger, with his two mangled stumps, all that is left of two royal hands, let them be held up to testify against us who, with unmaimed hands, perhaps, fail to win for us and for ours, bread as honest, as these crippled hands win for him and for his. Where is Flannery, with his mangled face, and Goodman with that long neck of his, a capital place to expose now and then to view an honorable scar. Let them and their fellow-sufferers and our fellow-comrades step forth, to teach us present duty for dangers escaped, and for lives spared. But it is time you are released, comrades, from the past. Let us conserve no drop of bitterness, no thought of hatred, but may we re-enlist, to-day, in the old company. Let us be mustered in anew into the fellowship and companionship of arms, not, let us hope, the murderous arms of war, but the life-fostering service of peace. In every case, let us "touch elbows and dress to the right" Again, I salute you, again, I thank you.



2D REUNION, AT AVOCA, 1877.

The second reunion was held at Avoca, May 22d, 1877. A large crowd of citizens and soldiers was present, some forty of the Battery boys registering. A cannon had been brought from Madison, and the boys went through the drill, handling the swab and the lanyard as gracefully as in the past. A splendid dinner was provided by the citizens of Avoca, who spared no pains to make the meeting a success, and their efforts were not fruitless. Capt.

Dillon presided, Jenk Ll. Jones was chaplain and H. S. Keene delivered the annual oration, as follows:

Mr. President, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen: We are assembled to-day beneath the shadow of the old banner of the Stars and Stripes; we hear the swelling bugle blast and the roar of cannon; yet we listen in vain for the hissing bullet or shrieking shell, for the groans of the wounded or wail of the dying. These war-like sounds such as we hear to-day are not the harbingers of coming conflict; they do not denote the gathering in battle array to bring grief, agony, suffering and death to man; but they are, on the contrary, the tokens of peace; and to us, the emblems of pleasure. True, they carry the soldier back, in imagination, to many a death struggle, and while the retrospect of war may start the tear of sorrow, it is soon dissipated by the sunshine of present peace, and the pleasant thought that to the consummation of this glorious peace, he was a humble contributor. To the outside world there may appear but little occasion for our assembling to-day, an assembly which calls from their various occupations men so widely separated, to meet merely for a social purpose. But to those who have together borne the fatigues of the march and felt the gnawings of hunger; who have together faced the driving snow and sleet of winter and sweltered under the scorching heat of the summer's sun—who have together braved the dangers of the battle-field there is a fraternal tie that renders such a meeting a bright oasis in the desert of life.

We meet to-day to renew the fond friendships formed amid these trying scenes—friendships cemented by the blood of mutual friends in those memorable days of the past; we meet to clasp the hands of those survivors who have passed that fiery ordeal, and to pay the tribute of a soldier's tear to the memory of those of our comrades whose lives were given in defense of their country.

We meet to-day with decimated ranks, and vainly look for the happy faces that were in our first meetings in '61.

And although we now meet untrammeled by the excitement which then pervaded all classes, free from the dark foreboding of coming strife; free from anxiety concerning our country's fate; and the pleasure of our meeting enhanced by the knowledge that our little band forms a part of those to whom the country is indebted for its peace and unity; still our minds solemnly revert to those who have fallen from our ranks. Their accustomed places in our ranks are vacant, but in the hearts of their surviving comrades their memory is still enshrined.

With our surroundings to-day, how vividly those days of '61 come back to us! Sixteen years have passed since then—years fraught with the vicissitudes of joy and sorrow, of hope and despair, of success and failure, of life and death—years that mark the epoch of some of the most thrilling events in the world's history; and yet we look beyond them all, back to our first meetings, as though it was but yesterday.

The war cloud that had so long been hanging on our horizon, dark and threatening, had burst upon the land in all its fury; enshrouding the nation in its terrible gloom, and deluging the land in blood. We had but just emerged from an exciting political campaign characterized by more than its wonted crimination and recrimination; and although secession and war had been openly threatened by a large element of one of the three contending parties, in the event of its defeat, it was regarded by most as an idle threat, uttered only to influence the then pending political struggle. Thus full many, in their blind zeal to further the interests of their party, had tacitly nurtured treason, and were apparently more devoted to party than to country. It was said, and by men eminent for their sagacity, that, in America, patriotism was dead. It was thought that love of party had smothered love of country; and upon this supposition treason stalked the more openly. But patriotism, though dormant, was not dead, nor was it confirmed by party lines. The reverberations of the first gun fired upon Sumpter had scarcely died among the distant hills when that patriot-

ism was aroused! An answering shout arose simultaneously, from the farm, the factory, the office and the counting house, and the demand of the government for troops was promptly supplied.

True, many, doubtless, rushed forward who were impelled as much by the excitement of the time as by love of country; many did not stop to consider, but madly followed the swaying throng; while others again went under the delusion that actual war could be averted. But before the organization of our Battery, all this had changed. There had been time for mature reflections; men had thoughtfully weighed the impending struggle, and hard contested battles had dissipated all hopes of a peaceful adjustment. Our boys had counted the cost—had viewed the war as an actual existence, and come together knowing the privations and dangers they had to encounter, yet determined to meet them as became true soldiers. By birth they belonged to many different nationalities; by affiliation they represented many and different religious and political creeds, but they came together not as Germans, as Frenchmen, as Englishmen or Irishmen—not as Republicans or Democrats, but as American citizens, claiming the Government of the United States as their patrimony, and determined to uphold the honor and unity of that Government, or die in its defense.

If there is aught that is grand or noble in the career of the soldier, it is the purity of the motives that prompt him to action. The trained soldier loves the battle-field because it is in the line of his profession. He may exhibit bravery, zeal and endurance for the hope of reward or the love of conquest. But these incentives have no tendency to cause the citizen-soldier to immure himself within the confines of a military camp, abandon the comforts of home and the pleasures of society, to embrace a calling so opposed to his tastes, so fraught with danger. It is only the promptings of duty and an innate patriotism that make him voluntarily exchange the comforts of peace for the horrors of war. And when the emergency ceases that called him to arms, he leaves the tented field

to resume his accustomed occupation without a pang of regret. It is always to the motives that influence him to action more than to his success, that credit is awarded to the soldier. History points out as among the most noted of military heroes the names of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar and Napoleon; and they each embodied many of the attributes that combine to make the successful soldier. Genius, courage, endurance, energy and zeal they all possessed, and had not these been dimmed by a morbid ambition, they might have proved a blessing rather than a curse to mankind, and have met death peacefully instead of in the tragical and ignoble manner in which their careers were terminated. Alexander died from the effects of a drunken debauch, if not as many have held, from the effects of poison, secretly mixed with his wine. Hannible, after the loss of his influence, died by his own hand while in voluntary exile. Cæsar was murdered in the midst of supposed friends, by those who professed the warmest friendship; and Napoleon "the man of destiny," who in the zenith of his glory, was designated as the "morning star," "the man of a thousand thrones" died unwept and unhonored, an outlawed prisoner, upon the barren island of St. Helena! While these names stand conspicuously among those celebrated for military greatness, their memory is tarnished by their ungovernable ambition and they fall short in the just estimate of humanity of many who fall far beneath them in the brilliancy of their achievements. In the merit of true greatness they fall beneath a Tell, a Bruce, a Kosciusko or a Washington—like those who became soldiers through love of country and not through love of conquest. It is patriotism and not ambition that calls out the true soldier; and in our organization there were none who were actuated by the ambition of conquest or lured by the paltry pittance of a soldiers' wages; but their country in her hour of need called for their services and to that call they cheerfully responded. There were tender partings when we left the camp—there were ties that rendered home dear to all—but the call to duty was imperative.

It is unnecessary for me to dwell upon the time spent in camp of instruction at Racine; of the impatience to get into active service; of the delay in equipping us; of the long days spent cooped up in camp or the pleasant evenings spent with the fair ones in the city. This was incipient soldiering, but it gave but a faint premonition of the coming future.

At last we left Racine with some sad adieux, tender regrets and tearful partings, and were on our way to the scene of action. The necessity of compressing the events of years into such narrow limits will only permit me to give a cursory glance at our soldier life proper—a life that always seemed to me may be said to have begun the day we left Cairo and entered Missouri; when, worn with the fatigue of the long journey, we left the cars at Sykestown and commenced our first march, to New Madrid. That first march is one not easily forgotten. It was after 2 o'clock when we started, and we had to make twenty-two miles before we slept. A drizzling rain set in and the roads became muddy, still we pressed forward, cheered on the march by no music save the heavy boom of cannon at Island No. 10. As an example of complete exhaustion, I always refer back to that night, when, supperless, I crept in upon a pile of corn to sleep.

At New Madrid we expected our equipments, but were put in charge of some heavy guns at different points along the river, and here got a chance to exchange our first shot with the enemy. But again we grew impatient with the delay in equipping us—a delay for which it seemed there must be somebody responsible. At this point our Captain proved equal to the emergency, and developed a knowledge of that attribute of the soldier which is known in soldier parlance as "jayhawking." In one of the deserted forts, where they had been left by the rebels in their hasty retreat from the town, was a light battery of new bronze guns, just such as we had so long coveted; and the Captain "drew" them without the intervention of an ordnance officer, or the usual formality of "red tape." Horses were obtained from the quar-

termaster, and, by a little strategy, harnesses were also procured, which were designed for another battery; and we at last equipped for the field. Those little guns bore well their part on many a hard fought field, until they were condemned as "worn out in the service" by the inspecting officer; and yet it was not until after the close of the war, that the department at Washington made the inquiry of the Captain, where he got his equipments! Being equipped, and Island No. 10 having surrendered, we were ordered to Corinth, to take part in the siege, of that town. The evacuation of Corinth and retreat of the rebels southward virtually suspended active operations in that quarter for the summer, and we remained in camp at Rienzi. But we were on the front, constantly menaced, so there was little chance for that apathetic feeling generally so inseparable from inactive life in camp. We all remember the many nights when our slumbers were so abruptly broken by the order "Harness and hitch up —Cannoneers to your posts!"

The approach of autumn brought a renewal of active hostilities, and from this time our Battery history is merged in that of the old, 3d Division. The battle of Iuka had been fought and won, and we broke camp and left our summer quarters, ignorant of our destination.

As we entered Corinth that bright October's morning, speculation was ripe as to our destination but the uncertainty was dispelled as the heavy boom of cannon broke the morning's stillness. How vividly we recall those days of strife, of anxiety, of seeming defeat and ultimate victory. But I do not wish to lift the pall from that scene of death, for even to the soldier who is engaged in the strife the horrors of the battle are only seen when it is past.

"There is something of pride in that perilous hour,
Whate'er be the shape in which death may lower.
For fame is there to tell who bleeds
And Honor's eyes on daring deeds.
But when all is o'er, it is painful to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
To see worms of the earth and fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there,
Each regarding man as his prey
All rejoicing in his decay."

Our brilliant victory over the enemy at Corinth was dearly bought, for it cost the lives of many of our best and bravest comrades. On that bloody field, we left the gallant Noyes, Honn, Brown, Thomas, and Barney. Braver men never lived—truer heroes never died. Of them we can only say with the poet:

“ Brave men who * * * fell
Beside their cannon, conquered not, though slain,
There is a victory in dying well * * *—
Ye have not died in vain ! ”

I shall not attempt to follow in detail our long chase after the retreating enemy, nor our long march through Lagrange, Holly Springs and Oxford to the Yocona river. The close of the year found us near Memphis, where we went into winter quarters. Thus closed the first year of our active service—an eventful year to us and an important one in our country's history. At its close, but little progress could be noticed, and a cloud of vague uncertainty still enveloped the ultimate result.

Important battles had been fought: Donaldson, Shiloh, Pea Ridge, Williamsburg, 2d Bull Run, Antietam, Chaplin Hills, Corinth, Fredericksburg, and many others of lesser note. Thousands had yielded their lives a sacrifice in their country's cause; thousands had suffered worse than death in the loathsome prison pens; while thousands were left crippled and maimed, to drag out a miserable existence! The year had been fraught with the vicissitudes of hope and fear, of victory and defeat; yet we did not despair, but while looking with deep solicitude to the hidden future, determined to go forward in the path of duty. The dreary winter at last wore away, and the opening spring brought a renewal of active hostilities. The first of March we broke camp and embarked on transports, to cooperate with the army destined for the reduction of Vicksburg. All must remember the grand and imposing scene as our fleet swung out into the river, and the loveliness and beauty of the first evening spent upon the water. The gentle ripple of the river, whose placid waters were unruffled by the slightest breeze, but mirrored back the silver sheen of the

clear, full moon, seemed to illy harmonize with this martial array. Yet the beauty was marred by the thought that of the many thousands crowding the decks to gaze upon that scene, thousands would never return, but fall victims to miasma, disease and the engines of war. Then followed our disembarking near Grand Lake, our return to Helena, and the dreary and monotonous expedition down the Yazoo Pass—an expedition that always calls to mind the celebrated one wherein,

"The King of France with forty thousand men,
Marched up the hill and then marched down again."

Our first trip down the river and back, the Pass expedition, our being cooped up on the sand island below Helena, and subsequent trip down the river, consumed the time until the middle of April, when we disembarked at Milliken's Bend. Ten days afterward we were on the march around Vicksburg, moving without tents or baggage, and, as all must remember, much of the time even unencumbered with rations. Crossing the river below Vicksburg the first of May, our progress was contested step by step; the roar of cannon was almost incessant, yet success as constantly perched upon our banners. Port Gibson, Jones' Cross Roads, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills and Black River Bridge followed each other in rapid succession, with the usual intermediate skirmishes. They were busy days, but they developed the fact that hungry men fight well. Days together we had nothing but corn meal—no sugar, coffee, salt, meat or grease of any kind—yet our bread made of the unsifted meal and brackish water was very palatable when we could get it, but once a day. A dollar apiece was freely offered for crackers; yet in the flush of success, men even forgot to curse the quartermaster.

Some of these battles were hotly contested—Champion Hills being among the hardest fought battles of the war; but their successful issue gained for us the point sought, and Vicksburg was invested in the rear. Then followed the long seige—forty-eight days of incessant fighting—in which no battery engaged played a

more conspicuous part than the old 6th. Our Captain displayed the true national characteristic of the land of his extraction, for like the Irishman, who in a general fight wherever he sees a head to hit he hits it; so the Captain, wherever he saw a chance for a shot, the shot was given.

The incidents of that memorable siege can never be effaced from the memory of those who were participants, nor can the grandeur and sublimity of the night scenes during the bombardment. The roar of cannon has a peculiar fascination to the soldier at any time, but when it would break upon the stillness of midnight from the whole investing line of batteries and gunboats, while the sky was filled with the meteor-like light of the coursing shells, it possessed a sublimity that baffles description. Nor can we forget those days of fearful slaughter when we assaulted their works, of one of which to-day is the anniversary. The 19th and 22d of May and 25th of June are days not to be soon forgotten, as their record is written in the blood of many of our noblest heroes. But the dawn of the anniversary of our nation's birth brought the end, and above the walls that had so long and persistently poured their deadly hail into our ranks, the glorious old stars and stripes were flung to the breeze! How often on the recurrence of that day had we gazed with pride upon the flowing folds of that old banner, but never did it seem to wave so proudly as it did that day over Vicksburg!

The successful termination of the siege gave us another period of rest—a rest that though much needed, soon grew monotonous and made us long for active service.

September brought marching orders, and embarking we took a final farewell of Vicksburg. We stopped first at Helena, but soon moved from there to Memphis, from whence, early in October, we set out on our long march to Chattanooga, a march that was only eclipsed "When Sherman marched down to the Sea."

We often marched to the music of the cannon, as for days it was a constant skirmish on the front. On this

March there was often such a scarcity of rations as to cause a lively dispute between the boys and the mules as to the rightful ownership of the corn scattered from the feed of the latter. But the long march was finally made, and we passed under the frowning batteries on Lookout Mountain and took the position to which we were assigned near the river above Chattanooga.

From this point our Battery and Battery A. 1st Ills. were sent in response to a requisition from Gen. Grant, for the "two best batteries in the corps", to cross the river with the advance in the attack on Mission Ridge. The crossing was successfully accomplished—the batteries planted on Mission Ridge, where we assisted in gaining the battle that broke the rebel power in Tennessee.

Then followed the pursuit of the retreating forces; the return to Bridgeport, where we stopped two or three weeks; the march thence to Larkinsville, where two weeks were spent; and thence to Huntsville, where we arrived the 9th of January and went into winter quarters.

At Huntsville we spent over five months, when we were ordered to join the forces operating against Atlanta. Throughout that long siege we were generally in hearing of the sound of strife, but our active participation was over. Guarding points at Kingston, Cartersville and Etowah consumed the time until the term of the old organization had expired. However, the organization was not broken up as the veterans and recruits kept it up until the close of the war.

Throughout these long marches, along the shores of the Mississippi, the Tennessee, the Cumberland and the Etowah, our course is marked by the mounds that cover the mouldering forms of our fallen comrades. The grass and flowers of many summers have grown above them, upon which the pearly dews of morning sparkle in the sunlight, emblematical of the tears shed over their fate by the many loved ones. But their slumbers are unbroken by the crack of the whip of the overseer or negro driver—the clanking of chains or groans of the slave. Above them floats the old flag, flapping in the gentle

breeze a melancholly dirge over the fallen heroes whose blood helped wash the foul blot from its escutcheon—its stars no longer dimmed by the dark cloud of human slavery—but emitting the bright scintillations of liberty and freedom. With us these fallen comrades will all meet at the great and final reunion. When the trumpet sounds the assembly, all must fall into ranks; every name will appear on that final muster-roll, and each must respond to that final roll call. And let us all endeavor to live lives so pure that we may appear at that final review by the Great Commander in garments so immaculate that not one will be called upon to step from the ranks.

After the oration, the following Reunion Poem, by J. Allen Coombs, was read:

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The years may rush forevermore,
Like ocean waves, upon the shore
Of Time and leave their changes,
And on each brow may leave their mark;
But hearts that glow with friendship's spark
No flight of years estranges.

The memories of angry strife
Awake sad pictures into life—
We can forget them never;
But crimson tides have ceased to flow,
And Friendship's bonds shall stronger grow,
Forever and forever.

No more is bared the glittering steel—
No more with battle's shock we reel—
No more Death's fires are burning;
Comrades again stand side by side,
And Memory's doors are opened wide,
'On golden hinges turning.'

Hushed is the bugle's blast,
Hushed is the roll of drum,
Silent the shriek of shell
And the deadly cannon dumb.
The sleeping hills and vales
Repose from the battle's roar,
And the camp fire's light illumines the night
In our stricken land no more.

The peaceful song is heard
Where the crimson sabres clashed,
When the charging squadrons rode
And the rattling muskets flashed.

6TH WISCONSIN BATTERY.

Hushed is the sound of strife—
 Hushed is the martial strain—
 Lifted the smoke and the bondsman's yoke,
 And shattered his galling chain.

The reaper reaps the grain
 Where flashed the hero's sword,
 And the purple violets grow
 Where the patriot's life blood poured ;
 The echoing bugle call
 Is changed for the peaceful bell,
 And light has beamed on a race redeemed
 Where the dying warrior fell.

Tenderly sigh, O breeze,
 Fondly ye branches wave,
 Lovingly twine, O vines,
 Over the hero's grave !
 Ye birds in woodland bowers
 Sing from the boughs o'er head
 A plaintive song and the notes prolong,
 A dirge for the royal dead.

The seasons come and go—
 The years pass one by one,
 But our comrade's deeds shall live
 Till the day of life is done.
 Theirs was the cause of Right,
 Theirs was the cause of God !
 And angels above looked down with love
 Where they sleep beneath the soil.

Comrades, the strife is o'er !
 The sword is rusting now,
 And the ripened fruits of Peace
 Hung from the bended bough.
 The chain of friendship spans
 Again the crimson flood,
 And God's great hand protects the land
 So late baptized in blood !

May His outstretching hand
 Still guide us on through life ;
 May He our nation keep
 From fratricidal strife.
 On His great camping ground
 May we together meet,
 Beyond the strife and toils of life,
 When the last long roll is beat.

3D REUNION, AT LONE ROCK, 1878.

The third annual reunion was held at Lone Rock, September 25th, 1878.

A steady rain the night previous and up to a late hour in the morning, made the attendance small as compared with the previous one. There were forty-two of the Battery boys in attendance. "Old Abe," the war eagle of the old 8th Wis. was borne at the head of the procession. O. J. Burnham, of Richland Center gave the annual oration, as follows :

Seventeen years have passed since first we met as a military organization, here in the little village of Lone Rock. Can it be possible that so many years have elapsed since we united with the "Sauk Boys" at Wilson Creek, and were escorted by almost the entire population of this Prairie, and the adjacent valleys, to our Head Quarters at Lone Rock?

When we trust to the first impressions of memory, as we take a retrospective view of the past, it seems impossible, and yet "time" has scored 17 full-fledged years, each with its long, dreamy, hazy Indian Summer Autumns, its cold, dreary, tempestuous Winters, its bright, joyous budding Springs, and its long Summer days, so full of labor and promise to the farmer ; each year, a full cycle of germination, growth, maturity and decay. Years overflowing with incidents that have passed into history, recorded as some of the most wonderful and greatest achievements of man in his 4000 years of existence. Our own 4 years' struggle for National existence, in which a million lives were lost, and the grand structure of the American Republic shaken to its foundations, tottering on the verge of ruin, and the whole social system of one-half the United States completely revolutionized, is but a

small portion of the eventful history of the past 17 years. Three times has Europe been engaged in wars, which, though short, accomplished as great or *greater* changes. The map of Europe has to be so often remodeled that the closest student can hardly keep himself posted sufficiently to pass a creditable examination, while in the matter of progress and improvement the world has taken a stride, hardly equalled in any previous *half-century*.

The time I have allotted myself will not admit of reference to even a hundredth part of the events which rush into memory as my mind wanders back over the last half generation. We only need to glance at ourselves and few remaining comrades who meet us here, to be forcibly reminded of the lapse of years. With most of us nearly half our lives have passed since first we met here. We were mostly boys or young men then. We, who then were cultivating incipient downy mustaches, now find our hair and beard streaked with gray. To-day we clasp the hands of middle aged men, and can hardly realize that they and the gay youthful soldiers, who, 17 years ago parted from their sweet-hearts here at the depot, are the same. A few old men were with us then. Most have passed to the other land to receive their reward, with many, Oh! how many, of fewer years? But, comrades, although what remains of our lives be spent in scenes far removed, under brighter skies, or upon more fertile lands, we can never forget Lone Rock. We shall always remember the little town as it was then, a few houses and stores on the treeless prairie, inhabited by a warm-hearted patriotic and hospitable people. Lone Rock is the birthplace of our battery and as such will always have a warm corner in our hearts. It was here we organized and elected our officers, here we made a few attempts at drill and roll call, and here we received our name,—Buena Vista Battery of Light Artillery, a name associated with the military history of our Captain, as a soldier of the Mexican war, and the name of the Town in which we organized. After seventeen years, like the Locusts, we have returned to devour again the

substance of this hospitable people, and yet they do not seem to complain. On the contrary I think I discern something of a feeling of pride and satisfaction in welcoming their boys who return, as a family of children to the old homestead, to celebrate an anniversary, and clasp the hands of brotherhood and fellowship, whose bonds have never diminished, here upon the very soil which saw us first united. There is no place more appropriate, or which would bring to mind more forcible the feelings and inducements which caused us to leave our homes and kindred for the dread uncertainties of war. As comrade Keene told us at Avoca, "it was Patriotism that called us." Our country was assailed and our hearts burned with indignation, that our Government, the Great United States, should be openly defied and challenged to mortal combat by a few overbearing, arrogant Southerners. I don't believe that we thought the country in great danger. We had too great confidence in the patriotism of the United North, and too little respect for the fierce determination and vast resources of the South. We had yet to learn that our Generals high in authority, commanding divisions, corps, and even grand armies, would from motives of jealousy alone, withhold their support, in direct disobedience of orders, and suffer a great and decisive battle to be lost, and thousands of brave lives sacrificed for naught. No! We had no fears for the result. We had confidence in our leaders, ourselves, and our cause, and we went forth expecting to return in a few months, one year at farthest, with the crown of victory upon us. We looked forward to a short, glorious and decisive campaign. How little we realized what was in store for us. We had all read histories of wars, lives of soldiers, and romances in which soldiers were the heroes, and battles and adventures, the main feature. We had had boyish dreams of the greatness and renown we should achieve when we too should be soldiers and our country in danger. What boy has not indulged in "day dreams," built castles in the air? and the brightest and grandest structure he ever built upon that ethereal foundation is

the one in which he imagines himself a renowned soldier. His fancy perhaps pictures himself as starting out in his grand career no higher than a private soldier. But according to the books he has read, it is an easy matter to become the hero of some adventure and rise first to the dignity of stripes upon the sleeve of his jacket, and then two plain straps upon the shoulder. And then what opportunities are before him. He weaves a romance for himself after the pattern of the stories. Mounted upon a coal-black war-horse, at the head of a gallant band of followers he charges a battery. They dash on through the dense smoke of the battle field. The hissing bullets and plunging shells shriek past them dealing death on every side; but he bears a charmed life, and pressing on with thinning ranks they meet the enemy in a hand to hand conflict. He mows them down with his sabre in his strong right arm, while with a death dealing revolver in his left hand he scatters them like chaff in the wind, and they flee in dismay. The victory is ours. The next scene: He stands before his Commander-in-Chief and under the admiring eyes of the whole army he receives his promotion. Now his opportunities are doubled. He distinguishes himself again and again, until at last, with stars upon his shoulders, at the head of the victorious army, accompanied by a retinue of General and staff-officers, with banners waving in the breeze, and bands playing their most inspiring National airs, he enters the gates of the conquered city, the last stronghold of the enemy, who lay down their arms in token of submission as he approaches.

And will the boy's dreams stop here? No! His country would delight to honor the hero who had brought victory to her arms and he is chosen President, like Washington.

Yes, when we were boys we were willing to stop here. If we could gain the position and renown of George Washington, we were content; but I imagine the boy of the future will look farther if not higher; he will have another military hero and President in his mind's eye as

a pattern to be imitated. After two terms as the highest officer in the greatest Nation that e'er the sun shown on, he will, like Washington, decline a re-election, but will not like him retire to his farm to live and die in private; but will travel in Foreign Lands and receive the admiration and homage of the titled aristocracy of Europe and the whole world, when weary of this to return for more honors from the Republic, his Native Land.

This is but a dim outline, a faint sketch of those splendid castles in the air that boys build in their flights of youthful fancy. But how much of the *realities* of a soldier's life enter into those dreams? Comrades, how much did *you* foresee of them when you enlisted in the 6th Battery?

I shall never forget how the conceit was taken out of me when a boy of ten or eleven years. I had made up my mind that I was born to be a soldier. I was brave as a lion *I thought*, (though I recollect a little circumstance that casts some doubt in my mind now upon that subject.) I was sent on an errand to a farm-house in the country a half mile or so. I rather enjoyed the errand in prospect, for a little girl about my own age lived there whom I thought was the prettiest girl in the world. When I got in sight of the gate a large Newfoundland dog came out barking, as most farm dogs will at passers by. That settled me. I couldn't get up courage to go any farther and went home whining the excuse that the big dog wouldn't let me go in the gate. But as I was saying, *I thought* I was brave enough to be a soldier, and my father had promised to try and get me into the West Point school when I got old enough. But I went to a circus, and there, in a fight, saw one man beat another to death with a murderous sling-shot. I turned away faint and sick at heart; and as I went home I thought of my chosen career, and then and there renounced my ambition to become a soldier; for I concluded it took sterner stuff than I to pass through scenes of blood and carnage without flinching. I think the impression left by that occurrence has never been effaced; for to this day a

street fight possesses no attraction to me. I feel more like turning away in horror from the sight. Another incident, a sad accident that you all remember, happened in the earlier days of our soldiering which made a deep impression upon my mind. It was our mimic battle on the drill ground at New Madrid. Each section of three guns, with their limbers caissons, 36 horses and as many men, came rushing at a fierce gallop from opposite sides of the broad field. "Into Battery," rang the call from the bugle and almost while yet in full gallop the guns were unlimbered, faced to the front, horses and limbers to the rear and instantly the continuous roar of artillery was re-echoing from shore to shore of the broad Mississippi. Suddenly through an opening in the dense smoke I saw a form dashed to the earth from the muzzle of piece No. 5 which stood nearly facing me, at the same instant the shattered pieces of the rammer whizzed past. "Cease firing" came the order, and hastening to the 5th piece we found the gunners tenderly raising the limp and lifeless form of one of our most genial and lively comrades, S. J. Gould. I don't know how the rest of you felt but I couldn't help thinking that if this was the result of *playing* at war what would the *reality* be? And do you recollect the first time we were ever under musketry fire, at the west of Corinth Oct. 3d, as we were changing front upon a hill, with the battle in fierce progress in front upon lower ground in the timber? A volley of musket balls at long range whizzed over our heads. How well we remember the sound of the drawn out *hiss* of the bullet at long range. We came to be perfectly familiar with it in later days, as also with the spiteful *spit* of the same deadly missile at short range. One of these bullets coming at random passed between the Captain and myself who rode in advance of the battery, and passed through the legs of two men walking one behind the other, Berger and Demner, I believe were the men. Here again it seemed as if fate had marked us, for if one bullet at long range placed two men *hors du combat*, what would be left of us after a regiment had fired a few rounds at

us at short range? But the next day when the *real* danger was upon us we forgot it all. We did not stop to listen to the shower of bullets that incessantly swept around us. Instead we listened to the sharp detonations of our own guns as they sent double loads of canister into the ranks of the advancing host, and the cheers of our cannoneers as the enemy were mown down by scores. Our calloused hearts were not moved by the sight of hideous wounds, heaps of dead and dying, or streams of blood. What is the cause of this? Is it the excitement of the moment that causes us to forget the misery? and yet we cannot forget while it is before our very eyes; or is it the *whole-sale* slaughter that makes us indifferent, while *one* bleeding body would cause us to faint? or is it a beneficent plan of nature that gives us strength as we need it to bear the burden that God gives us to bear?

It was only the grand, the heroic, the chivalric portion of military life that we saw in our visions of the future, and how comparatively little of all that we realized! It is true, a few pages of our history might pass into literature along side of the chivalric stories of Walter Scott. Had we a poet among us he might have immortalized the heroic deeds of the old Sixth Battery. It is of no use for my feeble language to try to portray them. They are indelibly written in the memory of every member; and the least allusion to them strikes a chord that vibrates in unison with the warlike strains which commemorate the heroic deeds of the world's victorious armies. But those few deeds of valor, those few moments of warlike inspiration and excitement, what were they compared with the three or four long years of weary days that dragged along in the monotony of camp drudgery, the daily duties of guard and drill, the sweeping and clearing of camp grounds, care of horses, cleansing and brightening equipments, digging earthworks and building fortifications. The constant struggle to keep ahead of dirt, disease and vermin, the irksome confinement to the narrow limits of a camp surrounded by guards, who exercise equal vigilance in preventing passage from either

direction, except the passer be in possession of the "open sesame," a pass from head-quarters. These are only minor difficulties when compared with the actual hardships and privations which we were often called upon to endure. The long, weary marches in inclement weather, on the road from early morn till late at night—lucky if we can find a dry spot of ground for a bed, water for coffee that is not too thick with mud to flow—and a few hard-tack in our havresacks; then we try and get a short rest, broken by the driving rain or snow, or the chilling wind that creeps under our scanty covering of blankets, as we lay at the mercy of the weather. Even under these hardships the average soldier does not grumble, but you will find him extracting some fun from everything. For instance, if the rain be falling in torrents and the ground fast becoming a shallow lake, you will hear some one as he gropes about in the darkness hunting for a dry knoll calling out in imitation of the leadsman on board a river boat. "Mark twain" "and a half three." "Four feet," etc. But if you wish to strip the last vestige of romance from our "soldier boy," prostrate him with one of the many diseases incident to a Southern climate, and put him in the hospital. Here he will dream no more of warlike honors, but his mind will drift back to his pleasant home in the North, the gentle mother, wife or sister who would bathe his feverish brow, bring cool water for his parched lips, constantly watch and nurse him back to health and strength. Comrades "you know how it is yourself" you have felt it would be a *luxury* to be sick nigh unto death, if you could only be at home.

No, comrades, our anticipations *then* were as much different from the realization as they have been *since* we ceased to be soldiers and became citizens again. For we did not stop dreaming when we became familiar with the realities of a soldier's life, but the current of our dreams was changed. We no longer dreamed of military glory, but of advancement in civil life. We mapped out the course of our lives when we should become our own masters again. And how many of us thought that at this

day 1878, we would be no farther toward the goal of our ambition than we are. But such is life! and thus will it ever be till man can be content to take what good he can from the *little* things of the present which really make up the whole of life, instead of longing for something great in the dim and uncertain future.

But comrades I did not intend to preach a sermon to you. You expect me to recall to you some of the incidents of those days when "we went soldiering." I will hastily go over some of the ground that we marched over together "In days of Auld Lang Syne." Oh, those days, weeks and months at Racine where we spent our first half year. We thought then after being mustered into the United States Service, and placed under the command of such an important officer as Colonel Foster, that we had begun soldier life in earnest. How strictly we had to obey orders then. How closely confined to camp with only a limited number of passes per day, which seemed a terribly small number when compared with the one hundred and sixty odd men who wanted an occasional airing outside of camp. I fear you almost learned to hate your buglers and orderly sergeant who were always calling you to some duty or other. Those early reveilles, innumerable drill calls, roll calls, guard calls, fatigue calls, etc. But three times a day we played tunes that were better appreciated when the breakfast, dinner and supper calls brought you into line to march into the old mess-house. The old mess-house, can we ever forget that institution? My recollection of the fare is rather dim, but can recall the soup with an occasional dish-rag for variety, fried pork, and stewed beef alternately, good baker's bread and molasses, with *army* coffee. You all know what kind of a drink *that* is. Not a very inviting bill of fare; but we had wonderful appetites then, and with our healthy out-door living and exercise, we put on flesh like fattening hogs. But you all recollect it didn't last long, for when we got down into the swamps of Missouri the shakes and the fever and that other chronic disease of the soldier soon took off all superfluous flesh. Another

recollection of the last useful days of the old mess-house when the weather began to grow piercing cold and the early reveille called us from under our warm blankets to stand in line in the face of the chilling blasts that swept over Lake Michigan, until one hundred and sixty men could be got into line and their names called and responded to, one after another, and then perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, which seemed an hour, to wait before the doors would be opened; and then to sit down to coffee that would almost freeze in the cup; tin plates, knives and forks full of frost. Surely this was getting uncomfortable, to say the least; and we voted the thing a nuisance, and there came a change. We now had to cook our own grub in an eight by ten tent, occupied by six men, cookstove and furniture. What a lesson such an experience would be to the woman who is always wanting another back kitchen built on, to cook in. But we enjoyed it, and still grew fat and healthy, notwithstanding the seeming exposure of living through a cold Winter on the shores of Lake Michigan, with only the thickness of cotton canvas between us and the freezing winds. Neither can we forget the furloughs, when we went home to meet again the friends from whom we had parted, we thought until the war should close. Those first leaves of absence, when the newly gained importance and responsibility sat heavily upon our Post Commander's Head, were limited to five days; half of which must be spent in going and returning. We too, felt the necessity of implicit obedience, and should we chance to stay but one day beyond the limit of our furloughs, we expected nothing could save us from court-martial and severe punishment, perhaps death, for desertion. But in the language of the soldier that "soon played out," and when the intense cold of Winter caused a mutinous feeling in regard to guard duty which soon put an end to *that*, and we were allowed some freedom to pass our evenings especially as we chose, then the life which was becoming irksome began to be more endurable. Long furloughs were given, and I think most of us can look back to that winter as one of

the pleasantest in our lives. We thought then that we were rapidly learning to be soldiers, and we were becoming skilled in marching and handling guns, but in later days we smiled at the recollection of what we considered then the hardships of a soldier's life. We also learned a *little* of that art then unnamed, which we afterwards found ample opportunity to cultivate. But it fell to the lot of the Seventh Kansas to furnish the enduring name to that branch of the service, entirely separate from, yet still accessory to the subsistence department.

At Racine, jayhawking was not a necessity, but we seemed to have a premonition that a little practice in that line might sometime be of service to us when supplies failed to come through the regular channels of the Quarter Master's department. If such really were our motives in our little nocturnal expeditions to the surrounding country, then they were well timed for in after years we well remember many a time when, after a long day's weary march, we would have gone supperless to bed upon the cold, wet or frozen ground, with no shelter but the heavens above us; and no fire even, had it not been for the faculty we had acquired of slyly disobeying those general orders which related to confiscation of private property, when we (private soldiers) saw a military necessity in so doing. But I believe the good people of Racine and vicinity made no disturbance over the few apples, chickens, etc., that they missed, although I do recollect something of the old Frenchman and his daughter trying to trace the whereabouts of certain chickens that had mysteriously disappeared; but they had no better success than did certain officers nearly two years later, when trying to find the missing sutler and commissary stores at Helena, Arkansas. All winter long, as we heard of the success of our armies in the South, the fall of one strong hold after another, we were feverishly anxious to join them for fear the war would be over ere we had a chance to achieve any of the glory. Among all the would-be prophets of the final result, who prophesied that three years more would not see the end?

Perhaps you all recollect our rejoicing over those victories, and on Washington's birthday we had a grand time, and hung Jeff Davis in effigy to the flag staff; another dream, alas! which we never saw fulfilled. A year and a half ago Comrade Keene recalled to your memory the most striking incidents of our service after leaving Racine, and at Spring Green, comrade Jones from the time he joined, so I will not give you a rehash of the same, but still as recollection reviews those years in detail, I recall many little episodes that perhaps will entertain you more than any other subject, and as we get together to talk over these old times, the story never seems to get thread-bare or lose its interest.

It is amusing now, to think how promptly and swiftly orders were obeyed and troops moved in those early times of the war. The pending trial of Gen. Porter, for delay and disobedience in obeying orders, recalls some of our own experience.

On the 9th of March, 1862, we received orders to proceed to St. Louis, immediately. On the 10th another peremptory order, but the 13th found us still in Racine, and by referring to my diary I find that I attended a sociable in town on that evening. And not until noon of the 15th did we finally get under way for Dixie. Cold and cheerless was the day; but our hearts were light, for the hour we had so long anticipated had come, and we were now on our way to actual war to lend our aid to the cause of our country. We remember our halt at Chicago, and the generosity of our officers in furnishing coffee from a restaurant to the whole company. We had not yet learned, as the train halted for a short time to collect a few sticks, build a fire on the ground and from the canteen fill the little coffee kettle, manufactured from an empty fruit can, which each soldier carried in later years, and from the haversack take a ration of coffee and brew a cup which not inebriate but wonderfully cheer the heart of the weary, hungry soldier.

Twenty-four hours after leaving Racine we were on board a St. Louis boat at Alton, Illinois. The warmth

of summer was in the air, and we threw off the blue overcoats that had been so comfortable until now. Three hours later in St. Louis. The most distinct impression I have of St. Louis is a broad levee sloping to the water, lined with steamers, and covered with crowds of people, drays, army wagons and mules, and heaps of merchandise, conspicuous among which were great piles of meat, corded up like cord wood; a convenient lookout for the small boys who climbed up to look over the heads of the crowd to see the disembarking of the troops. Those piles I learned were composed of army bacon, which was to supply the waste of bone and sinew, to our teiling army. We formed a more intimate acquaintance with it afterward. The five mile march through crowded and muddy streets to Benton Barracks was indelibly stamped in my mind by the acute pain in my shoulders, for our knapsacks were packed as full as skill and long practice could pack them, and in addition our heavy overcoats, blankets, and haversacks with rations, made a load which our inexperienced shoulders were hardly able to carry such a long distance, without rest. This was our first and only experience in that line, for which we were truly thankful. Only two days at St. Louis, and then to the front, without a weapon of offence or defence, more deadly than the jackknives we carried in our pockets.

The ride from Birds Pt. to Sykestown I noted in my journal, as upon the roughest railroad I had ever seen or ever expected to see. But I had never seen the Pine River Valley Narrow Gauge. Friend Keene referred to the march to New Madrid twenty-two miles after two o'clock P. M. as an example of complete exhaustion. I always remember it as a lesson which has proved invaluable. It has saved me from many a bed of sickness, and perhaps, from death. I had been sick ever since our arrival at St. Louis, had eaten nothing for three days except a dish of oysters procured at Benton Barracks. It seemed an impossibility for me to walk two miles without fainting by the way-side, but I started with the rest and soon fell far behind, as their impetuosity took them

ahead for the first few miles at a furious rate. One friend staid and cheered me on, carrying my blankets and haversack. Mile after mile was passed and to my surprise I felt no weaker, and after six or eight miles as we began to overtake stragglers that had given out after the first heat of excitement, my strength and ambition began to return, and we pushed ahead with constantly increasing speed until we had overtaken and passed half the company. As a rain came on and we had no shelter, we turned aside as darkness approached and found an old deserted house, tore up a portion of the floor and built a fire on the ground, with a pole knocked a hole through the roof for the smoke to go through; and after a lunch from our haversacks, lay down and slept off the weariness, and awoke in the morning as well and fresh as ever. That lesson taught me to never give up and go to the hospital while I could possibly stand or keep along with the battery.

You remember the deserted Secesh barracks comfortably built for winter quaters, supplied with fire places, cooking utensils, and an abundance of provisions of some kinds, showing that they had been deserted in a hurry. Three weeks later, a jolly prisoner from Island 10, told us the story of their sudden departure.

Pope's army had surrounded them on three sides so there was no possible escape but *via* river. Siege guns had been placed in position during the night within easy range, and in the morning opened fire with a vigor which threatened to blow the fortifications and barracks into atoms. A steamer came under the bank out of reach of the shell, to take away the frightened rebels. The bank here is clay and nearly perpendicular for twenty feet to the water. A broad gang plank was laid from the deck to near the top of the bank, making a steep incline for the men to walk down. Onto the plank they rushed pell mell for safety. It was raining hard, and the mud was deep; and after the first few passed down, the plank became so slippery with mud that no man could keep his feet at that angle, and as each coming upon the run jumped

upon the plank his feet slipped from under him and down he sailed to the deck with feet and hands flying in the air. And, said our informant, "For a month afterward you could tell a man from New Madrid by looking at the seat of his pants."

At first we were shy of the barracks, on account of the vermin which no doubt infested them. Some of us pitched our tents upon the bank of the river in front of them, but a storm coming up in the night the billows of the broad river washed the bank so that it caved for several feet in width, and some of the tents went down with it, the occupants narrowly escaping with their lives. By degrees we fixed ourselves comfortably in the barracks, and enjoyed the new life.

But, comrades, I didn't intend to detain you here listening to me so long. Thirty minutes at the outside had I allotted myself to perform this duty, and the time has more than passed already. I also intended to glance over the whole period of our service, mentioning some of the minor incidents that comrades Jones and Keene had omitted for want of time. But we must stop, even if we have reached no stopping place. Besides, we have all done over duty. As a matter of duty and of form, you selected one of your number to address you on this occasion, though why you should have thought of me for that duty is more than I can imagine. Being absent at the time I had no opportunity to decline, and the only course left me was to tacitly accept, or ignominiously back out. And I believe the 6th Battery always objected to the crawfish method of advancing. Therefore I have performed my duty; but you whose duty it was to listen would have the most cause for complaint had you not brought it upon yourselves. You have performed your part creditably for which you have my thanks.

I know you are hungry, and besides, all of you are charged to the muzzle with your *own* recollections and are impatiently longing for the opportunity to grasp the hand of some comrade, and to recall to each other a few of those almost forgotten incidents which to-day throng

in your memory. Therefore I will thus abruptly break off the thread of this narrative and after the formal ceremonies of the day are over, we will meet face to face, hand clasped in hand, and together we will continue the history I have only just commenced. Together will we, upon the wings of those thronging memories that hover round us to-day, again glide up the broad Mississippi on board the old "Blue Wing;" up the silvery, winding, silent Tennessee, between whose high and wooded banks we sailed for days, scarcely meeting a thing of life or hearing a sound to disturb the Sabbath-like stillness of those quiet shores; over the battle fields to Corinth to be swallowed up in that immense army of one hundred thousand men, then slowly and blunderingly on after the retreating foe. Together we will live over again the quiet summer days at Rienzi, and—alas! if we continue until memory fails to furnish an inspiring theme, we will have to establish a permanent camp here for the rest of the autumn.

Again I thank you for listening with the spirit of martyrs, and if you will only tell me who at our last meeting suggested my name for this business I will cheerfully nominate him to deliver our next address.

After the oration H. S. Keene read the following Reunion Poem, by Miss Ella Haskell, of Lone Rock:

You meet again, brave soldiers,
With old friends, kind and true,
Beneath the waving banner
Of the grand red, white and blue;
You talk of days now passed and gone
Of patriot's brave and true,
And of the dear ones gathered home
Who fought so brave with you.

Before you comes the darkened walls
Of a prison, low and drear,
And lips so white with anguish
With no soothing words to cheer,
You see once more the brave one,
His bright eyes sunken dim,
The cheek of terrible whiteness
Where the health rose lately beamed.

And again you see the battle
So full of dangerous strife,

Where many a one so noble
Has lost his precious life.
Oh, if the Lord of battles
Were not our strength and stay,
Mothers and friends and children
Where would you be to-day?

You see the desolate homes
The battle too has made,
Before you comes the far off grave
Where your comrade now is laid.
At last the joyful meeting
By God's own mercy wrought
From many fields of danger
The brave at last are brought.



4TH REUNION, AT RICHLAND CENTER, 1879.

The fourth annual reunion was held at Richland Center, June 11th and 12th, 1879, the boys going into camp on the night of the 11th.

There were forty-eight of the Battery boys present, and the largest crowd of citizens that had ever met with us. The annual oration was given by Sergeant A. J. Hood, and was followed by speeches from Gov. Smith, Gens. Reynolds, Bryant and Wilson, Col. J. G. Clark and Elder Loomis. The Battery boys effected a permanent organization and adopted a constitution.

The following are the officers for the ensuing year:
President, Capt. Henry Dillon.
Chaplain, Rev. Jenk Ll. Jones.
Orderly Sergeant, M. Dziewanowski.
Secretary, O. J. Burnham.
Corresponding Secretary, H. S. Keene.
Executive Committee, H. S. Keene, W. T. Hayes and A. P. Clayton.

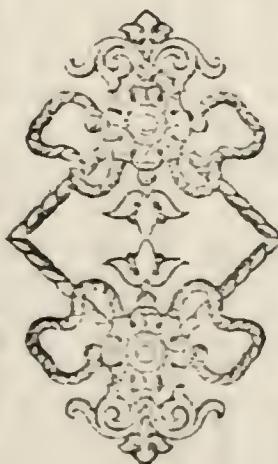
Publishing Committee same as last:

Sergeant A. J. Hood, the orator of the day was introduced, and although he had prepared an address, on account of the many speakers being present, he occupied but a short time. We give a portion of his address:

Ladies and Gentlemen, and Fellow Soldiers of the late War:—When I was detailed to address you to-day, I was not aware there would be so many "big guns" here, but we soldiers feel like talking to his Excellency, the Governor of the State of Wisconsin as well as to our old comrades to-day. It brings fresh to our minds the days of '61, when we learned the rudiments of a soldier's du-

ties here in our own State, that long winter in Racine where we spent the days in drill, the evenings, when off duty, writing to our wives and the girls we left behind us. When finally orders came we went to the front (New Madrid) with its ruins, Island No. 10, with its booming guns, Ruddle's Point, with its rebel gunboats; then the journey up the river to join Grant at Shiloh. Cairo, where some of the men went through the process of sobering off according to a new plan, as you may remember; but we passed the spring campaign to rest at Rienzi, where we had to drill before breakfast, and satisfy the Orderly at roll call in regard to absent friends by answering "over the hill." Then comes Corinth with its terrible battle, when we, with other Wisconsin soldiers, won laurels that will be green in history as long as the State of Wisconsin stands. But we have no time to talk of how we whipped the rebs or wintered near Memphis, or to take you down to Yazoo Pass and show you the broken steamers among the trees or read the signs nailed to the trees by our boys. Then comes Milliken's Bend; the crossing in hot haste at Breimburg amidst the roar of musketry; the battles in rear of Vicksburgh, together with the siege. Then that grand old Fourth of July, when the Star Spangled Banner was raised over the rebel city. But we must now go and help our comrades at Chattanooga. When we think of all we have passed through together, is it to be wondered at that we love each other like brothers? Those ties formed in the army are not easily broken. We have rejoiced and wept together; we laid some of our comrades away in Southern graves; we marched home as conquerors. Boys, we love one another, we love these reunions and are glad to see that the people of Richland do. Then there is that dear old flag we followed in the mud and storm. We stood side by side in its defense when our comrades fell dead at our feet; we have seen it advancing to assault the enemy's works when the color bearer would fall pierced to the heart, the flag shattered with traitor's lead, would be borne on up the hill over the ramparts to wave in vic-

tory. GOD BLESS THE OLD FLAG. (Applause.) I would say to the Governor, if traitors ever insult or try to destroy this Government, if he calls for us he will find us here. But if we must leave the plow in the field, lock up the store and the workshop to go and chastise those traitors again crinoline will not save their leaders. (Applause.) We have those principles purchased by the blood of our forefathers at Bunker Hill in the war of a hundred years ago, nourished by their blood in 1812, again on the plains of Mexico, as well as our own in the late war. Let us teach these principles to our children, instill them into their hearts so that when our work is done and we are called away to that other world those principles and the old flag will be in safe keeping.



COMPLETE ROSTER OF THE 6TH WISCONSIN BATTALION FROM ORGANIZATION UNTIL MUSTERED OUT.

ROLL OF COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Rank.	Name.	Entered Service.	Discharged.	Present Address.	Promotions.	Remarks
Captain	Henry Dillon	Sept. 9, 1861	Oct. 10, 1864	Lone Rock, Wis.		
1st Lieut.	Samuel F. Clark	do 12, 1861	do 10, 1864	Baraboo, Wis.		
1st Lieut.	Thomas R. Hood	do 9, 1861	May 17, 1865		Captain Nov. 4, 1864	Killed by kick of horse, May 4, 1867
2d Lieut.	John W. Fancher	do 12, 1861	Aug. 13, 1863	Prairie du Sac		
do	Daniel T. Noyes	do 9, 1861	July 3, 1865	Lone Rock, Wis.	2d Lieut., Oct. 13, 1862, 1st do 22, 1864, Captain May 31, 1865.	Killed at Corinth, Oct. 4, 1862; bayoneted while lying wounded.
do	James G. Simpson	do 9, 1861				
do	John Jennewein	do 20, 1861	do 3, 1865	Woneowoc, Wis.	2d Lieut. Oct., 1863 1st do Dec. 6, 1864	
do	Sylvester E. Sweet	do 10, 1861	do 3, 1865	Monroe, Wis.	2d do May 31, 1865	
do	Alba S. Sweet	do 10, 1861	do 3, 1865		2d do Dec. 3, 1864	Killed by a falling timber at Marble
do	Lucius N. Keeler	do 23, 1861	do 3, 1865		2d do June 13, 1865	Ridge, Wis.

6TH WISCONSIN BATTERY.

ROLL OF ENLISTED MEN.

Name	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.	Date of Death.	Present Address.	Remarks.
Avery, Abner W.	Sept. 16, 1861	Oct. 10, 1864			Bugler, March 13, 1863
Allen, Riley O.	do 16,	do		Oregon	
Barnham, G. J.	do 28,	do		Richland Center, Wis.	
Walcock, Byron	do 14,	do		Lone Rock, Wis.	Bugler
Bailey, James H.	do 9,	do		Prairie du Sac, Wis.	
Bailey, W. M.	do 9,	do		Corporal, January 1, 1863	
Baker, Fred T.	do 9,	do		Ravenna, Mich.	
Barnoy, Geo. W.	do 10,	do		Wounded at Vicksburg	
Brown, James	do 15,	do		Killed at Corinth	
Brown, John L.	Oct. 8, 1861	Oct. 10, 1864		Kansas	
Beaver, Sampson	Sept. 16, 1861	do		Logansville, Wis.	
Bekwith, Lorenzo	do 9,	do		Richland City, Wis.	Artificer
Bell, Edward R.	do 23,	do		Illinois	Corporal
Bennett, Victor A.	do 26,	do			
Berger, Christian	do 9,	do			
Byars, Henry J.	do 10,	do			
Birkford, Geo. A.	do 12,	do			
Booth, Wm. S.	do 20,	do			
Booth, Wm. H. H.	do 21,	do			
Booth, Robt. L.	do 18,	do			
Braggs, A. B.	do 11,	do			
Brown, Geo. D.	do 16,	do			
Bundt, Edgar A. J.	do 11,	do			
Burke, Christian	do 9,	do			
Burnham, Elisia M.	do 18,	do			
Burnham, Ed W.	do 10,	do			
Burnham, Wm. A.	do 28, 1863	July 3, 1865			
Benson, Bradley	Dec. 15, 1863	Aug. 15, 1863			
Bowers, Henry P.	Jan. 4, 1864	Oct. 10, 1864			
Burnett, Marion	Jan. 5, 1864	do			
Benedict, Geo. W.	Aug. 14, 1864	do			
Brush, Orman W.	Dec. 20, 1863	do			
Bennet, Frank	Nov. 9, 1863	do			
Banks, Robt. L.	Dec. 20, 1863	do			
Brown, Ballings F.	Sept. 16, 1861	Nov. 2, 1862			
Calkins, Luman H.	Oct. 8, 1861	Aug. 31, 1863			
				Oregon	

ENLISTED MEN.

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ROLL OF ENLISTED MEN.--Continued.

Names.	Date of Enrollment.	Date of Discharge.	Date of Death.	Present Address.	Remarks.
Campbell, Coulter	Sept. 30, 1861	do 30, do	Dec. 31, 1862	Prairie du Sac, Wis.	Buried at Vicksburg
Campbell, John	do 30, do	Oct. 10, 1864	North Freedom, Wis.		
Carpenter, Rollin B.	do 30, do	do	Chicago, Ill.	Promoted to Surgeon 2d Mo. Infantry Dec. 30, 1863	
Chaffee, John B.	do 22, do				Served on Gen. Sheridan's staff
Clayman, Alex. M.	do 19, do	Oct. 10, 1864	Michigan		
Clayman, Levi	do 14, do	Oct. 10, 1864	Richland City, Wis.		
Clinton, Wm.	do 16, do	July 16, 1863	Richland Center, Wis.		
Clayton, A. P.	Jan. 4, 1864	July 3, 1865			
Carpenter, D. L.	do do	do			
Cavens, William	Dec. 26, 1863	July 3, 1865	Clinton, Iowa		
Casper, Silas S.	Sept. 28, 1863	do do	Ithica, Wis.		
Collom, Avery	do 28, 1863	do do	Richland Center, Wis.		
Collom, John	do 28, 1863	do do	Lodi, Wis.		
Dixon, Edgar P.	do 9, 1864	Oct. 4, 1864	Avoca, Wis.		
Boyle, James	do 22, do	July 3, 1865	Lime Ridge, Wis.		
Daggert, Ferdinand	do 23, do	do do			
Dairymple, Geo. D.	do 14, do	do do			
Davis, Silas C.	Aug. 15, 1862	March 18, 1863			
Dennier, Herman	Sept. 21, 1864	Oct. 10, 1864			
Dilley, Augustus	do 14, do	July 10, 1862			
Dowden, Wm. H.	do 19, do	Oct. 10, 1864			
Dunning, H. P.	do 30, do	Jan. 28, 1863			
Dzwonowski, M.	do 30, do	July 3, 1865			
Dye, Kevin L.	Dec. 21, 1863	do do			
Davis, Daniel J.	Aug. 18, 1862	do do			
Dunning, Henry W.	Jan. 4, 1864	Oct. 4, 1864			
Day, Addison W.	Sept. 16, 1864	Oct. 4, 1864			
Evans, Evans W.	do 12, do	Oct. 4, 1864			
Fagan, John C.	do 30, do	Oct. 10, 1864			
Elston, Alben D.	do 28, do	do do			
Evans, David	Aug. 18, 1862	July 3, 1865			
Ferguson, Isach	Jan. 5, 1864	do do			
Emerson, Levi J.	Dec. 20, 1863	Dec. 29, 1863			
Fisher, George	Sept. 18, 1864	Oct. 10, 1864			
Flannery, Hugh	do 23, do	Jan. 3, 1863			
			Wounded at Corinth		

6TH WISCONSIN BATTERY.

ROLL OF ENLISTED MEN.--Continued.

Name.	Date of Enrollment.	Date of Discharge.	Date of Death.	Present Address.	Remarks.
Antone, John A.	Sept. 13, 1861	Oct. 10, 1864	do	Ridgeland Center, Wis.	
Antone, Jules	do 13,	do	do	Lloyd, Wis.	
Antone, Stephen A.	do 20,	do	do	Wounded at Corinth	
Fernand L. Charles, W.	March 2, 1864	July 3, 1865	July 3, 1865	Lloyd, Wis.	
Antone, Francis	Sept. 21, 1863	do	do	Prairie du Chien, Wis.	Killed at New Madrid
Gaudet, S. Wester J.	do 11,	do	July 3, 1865	Sergeant. Wounded at Corinth	
Gedwain, Daniel	do 14,	do	Oct. 10,	Harvard, Neb.	
Gedwain, Thomas	do 11,	do	do		
Greene, Peter	do 2,	do	do		
Gronau, H. Henry F.	Nov. 10,	do	Sept. 27, 1862		
Gronau, J. A.	Dec. 28, 1863	July 3, 1865	do		
Gurhant, Chas. H.	do 23,	do	do	Chelsea, Wis.	
Gurley, Rodger	do 30,	do	do		
Grew, Dan. W.	do 28,	do	do		
Grey, Gien W.	do 29,	do	do	North Freedom, Wis.	
Gardiner, Henry C.	Sept. 25,	do	do	Lone Rock, Wis.	
Gardiner, A. J.	Feb. 13, 1864	do	do	Iowa	
Gates, Gien W.	Aug. 25, 1862	Dec. 31, 1862	do	Fremont, Neb.	
Gordon, Wm. A.	Sept. 12, 1861	Dec. 31, 1862	do		
Hayward, J. G. S.	do	Oct. 10, 1864	do	Sergeant	
Hawthorne, Sidney	do 10,	do	do	Sergeant	
Hawthorne, Joe M.	do 9,	do	do	Sergeant	
Hawthorne, Wm. H.	do 11,	do	do	Sergeant	
Hood, Alex. J.	do 9,	do	do	Corporal	
Hood, H. H. Chas.	do 14,	do	do	Corporal	
Hood, L. Bone	do 9,	do	do	Killed at the Battle of Corinth. Buried at Lone Rock.	
Huggins, John T.	do 11,	do	do	Lone Rock, Wis.	
Hood, N. R.	do 9,	do	Nov. 1, 1862	Corporal	
Hayes, Edgar F.	do 9,	do	July 3, 1865	Corporal	
Hill, Edgar K.	do 17,	do	do		
Hays, Watson T.	do 9,	do	Oct. 10, 1864	Buried at New Madrid, Missouri	
Hanchurch, Albert	Dec. 1, 1861	March 5, 1862	April 1, 1862	Lone Rock, Wis.	
Hatch, Andrew	Sept. 21, 1861	do 12,	Oct. 10, 1864	Prairie du Sac, Wis.	
Hungerford, Thos. J.	do 21,	do	do	Spring Green, Wis.	
Hungerford, Edwin	Aug. 14, 1862	do 21,	do	Buried at Corinth, Mississippi	

ENLISTED MEN.

ROLL OF ENLISTED MEN.--Continued.

Names.	Date of Enrollment.	Date of Discharge.	Date of Death.	Present Address.	Remarks.
Dungeford, Milton	Dec. 28, 1863	July 3, 1865	do	Blue River, Wis. Sextonville, Wis.	
Hamilton, Kaseclas	Aug. 24, 1864	do	do	Richland City, Wis. Baraboo, Wis.	
Hul, George T.	Nov. 18, 1863	do	do	Albert Lee, Minn.	
Heriman, Ed. J.	Aug. 15, 1862	do	do		
Harington, Wm. H.	Jan. 5, 1864	do	do		
Hays, Dan W.	Dec. 23, 1863	do	do		
Hazard, John J.	do	do	do		
Haskins, John G.	Sept. 30, 1861	Oct. 10, 1864	Oct. 10, 1864	Richland Center, Wis. Silver Cliff, Colorado	
Hurd, Allen	do 9,	July 3, 1865	do	Rheal Springs, Tenn.	
Holmes, Wm. H.	Feb. 1,	Oct. 10, 1864	do	Avoca, Iowa	Sergeant. Wounded at Corinth
Ide, Jonathan O.	Sept. 14,	do	do		Corporal
Jackson, John E.	do 17,	do	do		Corporal
Jones, Horam P.	do 16,	do	do		
Jones, Geo. B.	do 26,	Nov. 16, 1862	Nov. 16, 1862	Portage, Wis.	
Jacobs, Wilder B.	do 17,	July 3, 1865	July 3, 1865		
Jackson, Thos. C.	do 20,	do	do		
Johnson, Ben. A.	do 9,	do	do		
Jones, Jenk. H.	Aug. 13, 1862	July 3, 1865	July 3, 1865	Janesville, Wis. Spring Green, Wis.	
Jones, Griffith	Dec. 23, 1863	do	do	Richland City, Wis.	
Jones, Thos. K.	do 29,	do	do		
Jacquis, Nathan B.	do	do	do		
Keene, Henry S.	Sept. 26, 1861	Oct. 10, 1864	Oct. 10, 1864	Lancaster, Wis. Prairie du Sac, Wis.	Quarter Master Sergeant
Keller, John	do 22,	do	do	Sycamore, Illinois	Corporal
Knapp, Aug. H.	do 3,	do	do		Buried on the banks of the Mississippi
Koenig, Jacob	do 19,	do	do		
King, Andrew J.	do 9,	do	do		
King, Fred	Nov. 10, 1863	July 3, 1863	July 3, 1863	Bear Valley, Wis. Bear Valley, Wis.	
King, Franklin	Jan. 21, 1865	do	do		
Larster, Joseph	Sept. 28, 1861	Oct. 4, 1861	do		
Larsen, Michel	do 30,	do	do		
Leach, Leman	do 24,	do	do		
Lloyd, Robert H.	do 9,	June 6, 1863	do	Iowa	
Landon, Sam. F.	Dec. 23,	July 3, 1863	do	Hellena, Wis.	
Lambertson, Jay G.	do 29,	July 3, 1863	do	Spring Green, Wis.	
Malish, Fred.	Oct. 22, 1861	do	do	Richland Center, Wis.	
			do	Portage, Wis.	Quarter Master Sergeant

6TH WISCONSIN BATTERY.

ROLL OF ENLISTED MEN.--Continued.

Names.	Date of Enrollment.	Date of Discharged.	Date of Death.	Present Address.	Remarks.
McCann, John C.	Sept. 30, 1861	Oct. 10, 1864	No date	Richland Center, Wis.	
Miller, Lewis H.	do 9,	do	No date		Killed
Miller, Henry W.	do 16,	do	No date		Killed
Moss, Andrew J.	do 26,	do	do		Died at Huntsville, Alabama
Moss, P. R.	do 23,	do	Feb. 28, 1864		Deserted
McMahan, Patrick	do 26,	do			Wounded at Corinth
Money, Haron M.	do 22,	do			Buried at Huntsville, Alabama
Murphy, Michael W.	do 29,	do			
Moore, Armstrong	Nov. 5, 1861	Oct. 10, 1864	Avoca, Wis.	Chattanooga, Tennessee	
Marden, Jeremiah	Dec. 20,	1863	March 7, 1864	Spring Green, Wis.	
Maxwell, A. W.	do 23,	do	May 18, 1864	Lone Rock, Wis.	
Maxwell, A. W.	Aug. 14,	1864	July 3, 1865	Lone Rock, Wis.	
Neece, Charles F.	Sept. 13, 1861	Oct. 10, 1764	Woodstock, Wis.		
Neece, Julius F.	do 19,	do	Orion, Wis.		
Newbury, Nelson	Dec. 28, 1863	July 3, 1865	Jackson, Minn.		
Orr, Ed. J.	Sept. 9, 1861	July 3, 1865	Postville, Iowa	Bear Valley, Wisconsin	
Price, John H.	do	do	Clarinda, Iowa		
Piper, Wm. N.	do 28,	do	La Crosse, Wis.		
Parish, Frank W.	do 18,	do	Spring Green, Wis.		
Parker, Jerome E.	do 18,	do	Castle Prairie		
Proctor, John W.	Aug. 10,	1862			
Proctor, Richard M.	Sept. 30, 1861	July 3, 1865			
Perry, E. J. D.	do 11,	do	Oct. 25, 1863		
Page, Alva B.	do 12,	do	July 3, 1863		
Pickard, Charles H.	Dec. 28, 1863	July 3, 1865	Almond, Wis.		
Padelford, D. A.	Jan. 12, 1864	do			
Phillips, H. R.	do	do			
Phoebe, W.	Sept. 9, 1861	Oct. 10, 1864	Lone Rock, Wis.		
Phoebe, J. O.	do	May 17, 1862	Iowa		
Ray, Alex.	do 16,	do	Lone Rock, Wis.		
Rimayon, Wm.	do 16,	do	Lone Rock, Wis.		
Ricker, Edwin	do 12,	do			
Ricker, C. E.	do 13,	do			
Rose, Alonso	do 18,	do	July 3, 1865		
Rose, Moses	do	do	May 17, 1862		
Rich, Alfred	do 12,	do	Nov. 13, 1861		

Died of disease at Rienzi, Mississippi

X

ENLISTED MEN.

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ROLL OF ENLISTED MEN.--Continued.

Names.	Date of Enrollment.	Date of Discharge.	Date of Death.	Present Address.	Remarks.
Rumsey, Ben. F.	Sept. 10, 1861	Oct. 10, 1864		Mazomanie, Wis.	
Rulson, John W.	Aug. 6, 1862	July 3, 1865			
Reynolds, Byron W.	Dec. 21, 1863	do	do		
Reynolds, J. R.	Nov. 18, 1863	do	do		
Reed, Lee	Dec. 29, 1863	do	do		
Rolson, Henry	Jan. 13, 1864	do	do		
Randolph, Rollin	May 17, 1863	do	do		
Reynolds, Barnes	Sep. 10, 1864	Nov. 29, 1861			
Stoe, Ozni	do 9, 1864	Oct. 10, 1864			
Stewart, David S.	do 23, do	do	do		
Sunderson, Alpheus	do 16, do	Dec. 28, 1862			
Sunderson, Sam. A.	do	do	do		
Schmidt, Fred C.	do 13, do	July 3, 1865			
Schmeller, Lazi	do 21, do	Oct. 10, 1864			
Secklers, P. J.	do 24, do	June 3, 1863			
Sigrist, Henry	do 13, do	Oct. 10, 1864			
Shelddon, Horam W.	do 10, do	June 6, 1863			
Shelddon, Asa	do 9, do	do	do		
Singer, Geo. M.	do 13, do				
Stoltz, Chris	do 21, do	Oct. 10, 1864			
Swarts, Fred.	do 22, do	do	do		
Southard, Aaron	Dec. 23, 1863	July 3, 1865			
Southard, Wm. B.	do	do	do		
Stewart, Wm. A.	do 21, do	July 3, 1865			
Stewart, John S.	do 23, do	do	do		
Stevens, Alex.	do 28, do	do	do		
Simeone, Geo. W.	do 25, do	do	do		
Seiders, John H.	do 17, do	do	do		
Swett, N. L.	Aug. 23, 1864	do	do		
Swett, John M.	do	do	do		
Telliar, Byron W.	Sept. 9, 1861	July 31, 1862	Dead.		
Trowbridge, Chas. E.	do 12, do	Feb. 2, 1862			
Tenant, Menzo	do	do			
Trunkhill, Augustus	do 22, do	July 3, 1865			
Thomas, Gilbert L.	Oct. 8, 1861				
Thomas, Griffith	Aug. 14, 1862	July 3, 1865			
				Chicago, Illinois	
				Avoca, Wis.	
				Harvard, Neb.	
				Promoted to Captain 20th Wls. Vol. Buried at Sextonville, Wis.	
				Died in consequence of wounds, buried at Keokuk	
				Wounded at Corinth	
				Buried at Corinth	

6TH WISCONSIN BATTERY.

ROLL OF ENLISTED MEN.--Continued.

Names.	Date of Enrollment.	Date of Discharged.	Date of Death.	Present Address.		Remarks.
				Texas	Iowa	
Junin, Benjamin	Aug. 24, 1862	July 3, 1865				
Vernes, Levi	Sept. 16, 1861	Sept. 5, 1862				
Van Brocklin, Isaiah	Nov. 18, 1863	July 3, 1865				
Worthington, C. B.	Sept. 13, 1861	Oct. 10, 1864				
Wilkens, David	do 9,	do				
Wilkens, Hinman	do 20,	do				
Wolpert, P. J.	do 18,	do				
Weaver, Marvin	do 12,	do				
Weaver, Abram	do	do				
Weller, Sol. F.	do 22,	do				
Weller, H. L.	Aug. 10, 1862	July 3, 1865				
Welman, Wm. W.	do 14, 1861	Nov. 18, 1862				
Williams, Ed. S.	Sept. 18, 1861	May 17, 1862				
Wendworth, A. F.	Dec. 23, 1863	July 3, 1865				
Wulf, John	Sept. 9, 1861	Oct. 10, 1864				
Weller, George	Dec. 29, 1863	July 3, 1865				
West, William	Nov. 10, 1863	do				

DETAILED MEN.

Adams, Jonathan	8th Wis.	Edwards, William	10th Mo.
Babcock, Miles	4th Minn.	Foster, Burrow M.	10th Mo.
Baumgard, Uriah	15th Mo.	Fleck, Valentine V.	17th Iowa
Brown, Robert E.	8th Ohio	Flint, William	50th Ill.
Blake, Benjamin F.	50th Ill.	Henn, William	2d Mo.
Christman, Andrew	2d Mo.	Holland, John Q. A.	10th Iowa
Clark, George W.	56th Ill.	Hall, Eugene	24th Mo.
Debora, Hiram	17th Iowa	Lees, William	2d Mo.
Davis, John B.	10th Mo.	McKinsey, J. G.	24th Mo.
Fauson, John	10th Mo.	McLane, John	10th Mo.
*Faulenstein, Oscar	50th Ill	McClure, Charles	8th Ohio

*Drowned in the Tallahatchie.

Meats, John
Nussbaum, John L.
Pearce, William H.
Rogers, William H.
Roarie, John A.
Songer, Samuel
Sells, Benton
Shockley, Henry
Troester, Albert
Westfall, Joseph B.
Wyers, James H.

CONSTITUTION.

To commemorate the heroism, patriotism and virtues of our comrades who died that their country might live.—to cement more firmly and perpetuate the friendships formed amid the trying scenes of war; we, the surviving members of the 6th Wisconsin Battery hereby form this Association and adopt the following Constitution.

ARTICLE I.—NAME.

SECTION 1. This Association shall be known as the Sixth Wisconsin Battery.

ARTICLE II.—MEMBERSHIP.

SECTION 1. All persons who have been members of the old organization and who have received an honorable discharge, shall be considered members of this Association.

SECTION 2. Members of the families of deceased comrades may, by a vote of the Society, be chosen as honorary members, with all the privileges of full membership.

ARTICLE III.—MEETINGS.

SECTION 1. There shall be held at least one reunion each year, at such time and place as may be determined at any regular meeting, or as may be designated by the executive committee.

ARTICLE IV.—OFFICERS.

SECTION 1. The officers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Chaplain, Orderly Sergeant, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, an Executive Committee and a Publishing Committee of three members each, all of whom shall be chosen for one year, except as herein-after provided.

SECTION 2. The ranking officer shall be president of the society. He shall preside at the meetings, preserve order, and have command of the Battery. He shall also be *ex-officio*, a member of the executive committee, and as such may participate in their proceedings.

SECTION 3. The second officer in rank shall be vice president. He shall assist the president in his duties when present, and in his absence shall preside in his place.

SECTION 4. The recording secretary shall keep the minutes of each meeting and report the same to the subsequent meeting. He shall also act as clerk to the executive committee.

SECTION 5. The corresponding secretary shall conduct the correspondence of the society.

SECTION 6. The treasurer shall safely keep all moneys entrusted to his care, and shall disburse the same only on orders drawn on him by the executive committee.

SECTION 7. The executive committee shall conduct the business of the society and designate the times and places of holding the reunions when the same shall not have been determined by vote at the previous meeting.

SECTION 8. The publishing committee shall prepare for publication and publish such proceedings, addresses, sketches, etc., as may be designated by the society.

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